A U M

I know that great Spirit of sunlike lustre beyond the darkness. A man who knows him truly passes over death; there is no other path to go.

Grasping without hands, hasting without feet, he sees without eyes, he hears without ears. He knows what can be known, but no one knows him; they call him the first, the Great Person.
—Svetasvatara-Upanishad.

THEOSOPHY

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"U. L. T."

THEOSOPHY, pure and simple, has called forth another exponent. In San Francisco, on Saturday, January 3, 1914, appeared the first number of "U. L. T.," which bears the sub-title: "A weekly Magazine, Devoted to the Theosophical Movement, the Brotherhood of Humanity, the Study of Occult Science, and Aryan Literature."

The harvest is great and the laborers are few. So we hail with gratitude and joy the appearance of this new servant of the great Theosophical Movement, which is greater than persons, societies, organizations, forms or other fetishes.

Readers of "THEOSOPHY" are invited to send direct to the publishers of "U. L. T." for sample copies of the new weekly. Address letters to The United Lodge of Theosophists, Publishers "U. L. T.," 346 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

The subscription price of "U. L. T." is $2.00 per annum, 5 cents per copy. Old or new subscribers to either "U. L. T." or to "THEOSOPHY" who may like to have both publications may remit $3.00 to either publication and a year's issues of both will be sent.

This is an opportune occasion, perhaps, to announce that in the very near future "THEOSOPHY" will commence the republication in book or pamphlet form of all the precious writings of H. P. B. and W. Q. J., that are either out of print, or that are now issued only from sectarian presses, and that sequential studies of the

original teachings will be undertaken for the aid and furtherance of all efforts to spread the Message of Theosophy.

The effort and intent is and will be to help all students to a better and richer understanding, in order that they may be the better able to help and teach others. "Be Theosophists. Work for Theosophy. Theosophy first and Theosophy last, for its *practical* realization alone can save the Western world from that selfish and unbrotherly feeling that now divides race from race, one nation from the other; and from that hatred of class and social considerations that are the curse and disgrace of so-called Christian peoples. Theosophy alone can save it from sinking entirely into that mere luxurious materialism in which it will decay and putrefy as civilizations have done."

The Path 6. 180.

LOVE

IT is to those who show dislike to us that we must make constant effort in sympathy, patience, and self-sacrifice. Towards all those who love us these things flow from us spontaneously; they are the natural return for what we receive. Yet in their case also constant effort must be made to excel all our previous experiences in unselfishness.

These highest standards attainable by us, with those who love and trust us, and whom we in our turn can love and trust, become bright beacons, guiding us in our efforts towards attaining the same attitude to all mankind.

There is no limit to love; that is to say, the divine, unselfish love which we may have for our fellows; its intensity towards one does not limit it in regard to another; rather does this fervor stimulate us to further effort to stand in this high regard towards as many of our fellow creatures as possible.

And this also is the test whereby we may know divine from human affection; the former has no jealousies, no exclusiveness; its intensity towards one individual, *whether of the same or opposite sex,* does not draw off attention from our constant duty in seeking the weal of all other persons with whom we may come in contact.

In him who is lighted with this divine love we do not find the one theme, the one form, constantly in mind, and causing abstraction from other surroundings which should also claim the attention, but it burns deeply and calmly, is ruffled by no anxieties, questions not whether it is returned by the one or many upon whom it is bestowed; takes ingratitude or deep appreciation with equal satisfaction. It is complete in itself, and is its own perfect reward to him who knows it.

We often deceive ourselves in this love towards individuals, mistaking the human for the divine; we have to sit aside with ourselves and answer many searching questions before we can know ourselves upon this point. The more especially is this a danger where the person in question may be of the opposite sex. There the self-deception is deepest. What true human lover but falls under the marvellous glamour of believing that the object of his devotion is partly divine, and in some direction is exalted above all other women!

Apart from the fascination of sex, where this factor has not to be considered at all, we have to ask ourselves whether it is not with some special cast of mind, even of feature and expression, with which we are in love, which conforming with our ideal earns our admiration and devotion. Or whether, again, it is not because we have received some strong proof of the individual's interest in *us*, and which thus stimulates to a return; or again, through having been able to help, have we not raised feelings of affection and gratitude within that person, which finding and liking we again reciprocate.

The combinations are endless, and these are but elementary studies in regard to the question—Towards whom, of all those we meet, do we express a love which is wholly unselfish and divine?

We shall probably find that to no individual do we hold a love which is unalloyed, but that it has always something of the human element in it, and this signifies a selfish element. It is a sad discovery to make, yet we surely find this if we sink deep enough into ourselves. It is a discovery which when proclaimed makes many people, who think on the surface, very indignant.

Human love being founded upon selfishness, upon possession, upon exclusiveness, is the exact reverse of the divine element: hence it follows that the transmutation of human into divine love is a long work.

It is *the* work of humanity.

The road from one to the other of these opposites in love is covered with snares and pitfalls, with sophistries of the most subtle kind, and few there are who discern them. Innumerable have been the earnest men, founders often of sects which had much of good in them, who have come to grief themselves and led astray their followers upon this point. Amongst them may be taken as examples the Oneida Community, and that other founded by Lake Harris in California.

Calm and critical indeed must be the mind which delving down into itself can separate the wheat from the chaff, the divine selfless love from the human and selfish. E. T. S.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for September, 1891.) Vol. 6 - 180

Thou shalt not separate thy being from BEING, and the rest, but merge the Ocean in the drop, the drop within the Ocean.—*The Voice of the Silence.*

The Path 6-141

ARE WE DESERTED?

FOLLOWING on the departure of H. P. B. from the scene of action, some weak voices in the Society have asked "Have the Adepts deserted us?" This question has also come from those who are not weak in character, but who certainly do not understand very clearly what the Adepts are or how They work. And in the use of the term "Adept" are included also "Mahatmas," "Brothers," "Masters."

That these beings exist we have no manner of doubt, since for those who have studied in the right way plenty of proof has been offered; for others the proofs exist within themselves. The former class has had tangible evidence in the way of letters and appearances of the Adepts before their eyes; the latter long ago concluded that the Masters are necessities of evolution. Those who received proof palpable were those whose karma and past work entitled them to it; the others, having in previous lives gone through the experience and the argument, now quickly decided that, inasmuch as there are grades of intelligence and wisdom and power below ourselves, so there must beyond us be still other grades, all leading up, *ex necessitate rei,* to the Adept or Master of whatever degree.

Now in the Society's ranks there have always been three mental positions held in respect to the question whether or not the Adepts —once admitted as existing—have anything in particular to do with the Theosophical Society. These are, *first,* that they have; *second,* that they have not; *third,* sometimes doubt about it, at others surety that they have,—in fact, wavering.

Those who think that the T. S. movement is merely a natural development of thought cannot be affected by the present discussion; the first and third classes are interested in the matter. To those it should at once occur that in the West the idea of the existence of the Adepts and of Their connection with our movement was first brought forward in this century and in our Society by H. P. Blavatsky, who, consistently throughout her career, has declared that the Adepts—whom she was pleased to call her Masters—directed her to engage in this work and have always helped and directed her throughout. That They should so direct her and then desert the Society she founded merely because her body came to its dissolution seems so illogical as to be unthinkable. Many persons have affirmed to the reception of messages in writing from the same Masters, in which They said that some of Their efforts were for the benefit of the T. S. Among these persons we may mention Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who has never abandoned that position, and who to-day possesses a great number of such letters. Why should the unseen founders withdraw Their help when the work of the Society has

but just begun to have its due effect upon the age? There seems to be no reasonable reply.

Once that we admit the existence of the Adepts and that They have adopted the T. S. as one of Their agents in this century for disseminating the truth about man and nature, we are bound to suppose that ordinary common-sense rules would govern as to the continuance of help or its withdrawal. Now one of the most obvious conclusions is that the Society should not be deserted until it had accomplished its mission or had utterly failed. Sixteen years of steady work show an enormous effect produced upon the thought of America, Europe, and Asia; but that portion of the work has been in the line of fighting against odds and breaking down of opposition, with a beginning in this sixteenth year of an interest in the doctrines brought to the attention of the West by the efforts of our members. From that we must, as reasonable and foresighted beings, deduce the necessity for continuance of assistance. It is plain that our work of clear promulgation and wise building-up is still before us. Why then should the Adepts desert us? Still no reasonable reply can be found.

But considering what we know of the motives and methods held and pursued by the Adepts, we cannot for a moment suppose our real founders and constant helpers could yet leave us to fight alone. In letters and messages from Them we read that Their motive is to help the moral—and hence external—progress of humanity, and Their method to work from *behind the scenes* by means of agents suited for the work. Those letters and messages also say that the agency is not restricted to one person, but that all sincere lovers of truth are used to that end, whether they know of it or not. The departure of H. P. B. does not remove the other sincere lovers of truth from the scene, nor does it prevent the Adepts from sending messages if needed. Such messages have been received before H. P. B.'s departure by persons in no way connected with her, and have since that sad event also come to encourage those who are entitled to such encouragement. The contents of these are not for the public, nor indeed for anyone save those to whom they have come.

Yet even if no such messages had been received, there is ample evidence, for those who are not blind, of the help of the Masters. For, as They said long ago that the work should be helped, so it has been; no other reason can be given for the increase of the work in America, since the personal effort put forth by the members will not account for the spreading of the movement. And now let it stand as a prophecy made in the messages spoken of, that in the kingdom of Great Britain and in Europe there will in five years be seen a similar spreading of Theosophy. Let no one of us, then, be in any way cast down. As the Masters exist, so They help us; and as we deserve, so will They repay.

W. Q. J.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for August, 1891.) Vol. 6-141

WHY RACES DIE OUT

A THEOSOPHIST'S REASON FOR IT

IN our own time we have instances of the disappearance of races, and very often it is attributed to the influence of civilized vices. The Hottentots have entirely gone, and the decimation of the Hawaiian Islanders is about complete. Similarly the Red Indians of the Continents of North and South America have been surely, if slowly, passing away, so that now there is only a remnant of them left, and soon after the Spanish conquest the great masses of the aboriginal inhabitants had faded away.

The Hottentots had reached almost the acme of decline when we knew them, but the Aztecs, Toltecs, and other South Americans had not reached such a pitch when they encountered the Spanish. The Red Indians had gone down between the two, while the Hawaiians were still below the Indians. It has always seemed to me that the claim that these races were destroyed by taking up our vices is not well founded. It is pleasant, perhaps, to the pessimist who dislikes this civilization, but it will not agree with all the facts, The decrease of population in the Hawaiian Islands cannot be justly attributed to rum and social evils taken over from us, although a great deal of injury no doubt arose from those abuses. About the Hottentots we may feel pretty sure, because their degradation was almost complete when they were discovered, and the Mexicans and South American people had no time to adopt Spanish vices, nor did such exist in a degree to kill off the inhabitants.

The theory outlined by H. P. Blavatsky is that when the Egos inhabiting any race have reached the limit of experience possible in it, they begin to desert that race environment and seek for another, which, in the sure processes of nature's evolution, is certain to be in existence elsewhere on the grobe. The Egos then having left the old families, the latter begin to die out through sterility attacking the females, so that fewer and fewer bodies are made for inhabitancy. This goes on from century to century *pari passu* with mental decay. And this mental deterioration arises from the fact that the small stock of what we might call the retarded Egos who come in during the process have not had the experience and training in that particular environment which had been gone through by those who have deserted to another race, and hence—on the theosophical theory that brain is not the producer of mind—the whole *personnel* of the old race rushes down in the scale, sooner or later presenting the sad spectacle of a dying race. Final extinction is the result when the process has gone far enough.

At the time when the first steps toward old age and decrepi-

tude are taken by such a race, the eternal cyclic laws that always bring about a universal correspondence between the affairs of man and the operations of cosmos cause cataclysms to happen, and even in the seeming height of a nation's power great numbers of bodies are destroyed. Some indications of this may be seen in our own day in the great destruction of human life that has begun to overtake the older portions of the Chinese nation. These are finger posts that declare the beginning of the exodus of the Egos who have had such a long experience in that race environment that they have begun to emigrate elsewhere because their experience has wrought in their character changes which unfit them for dealing with the old bodies, and those are left for the starting of other less progressed men. After the lapse of more years the natural cataclysms will increase in violence and extent, engulfing more and more millions of bodies and preparing for other cycles.

We may suppose that the Red Indian's predecessors went through similar experiences, for there are in the Americas evidences of great convulsions such as upheavals from below and overflowing by water that deposited great masses of mud. In one of the States there was lately found good evidence that animals had been thus buried for ages. The men, having reason to guide them, removed themselves to other parts to carry out the sad decrees of Karma which had ordered their demise. And under the suggestion made above, the egos untried in that environment only occupied the racial body for the sake of the experience which might be gained during the time that is left. Now our civilization with weapons and other means is completing the work, as it on its part fulfills the law by creating on the old soil an entirely new race in which the experience gained by the mind in prior cycles of existence may show itself forth.

This process is almost exactly that which happens in families. Reincarnating egos continue in families that suit their mental progress just so long as is needed; and if no more egos are in the cycle of rebirth exactly fitted to the physical, psychical, and mental state of the family, it begins to die out. And it even exhibits often in its own small way the phenomena of natural cataclysm, for we know that sudden ruin and quick extinction often carry off an entire family, leaving not even a descendant in the very remotest degree.

Hence I conclude that, like families, Races disappear when they are of no further use in the gaining of experience by the great pilgrim soul.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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Karma-Nemesis is no more than the spiritual dynamical effect of causes produced, and forces awakened into activity, by our own actions.—*The Secret Doctrine.*

The Path 5-343

INDIA A STOREHOUSE FOR US

HINDUSTAN has been called the land of mystery by many writers. For years it has been to the English a land for plunder by officials and younger sons seeking favors from fortune; for us it has been a far distant country surrounded with a halo of romance, enveloped in a cloud of memories that include the Royal Sages, the Adepts, the wonderworkers, and countless monuments of human skill or limitless power. Among buildings its beautiful Taj Mahal stands unrivalled since the days of its builder Shah-Jehan; of marvellous structures its rock-cut temples challenge admiration, while its innumerable miles of underground temples and passages invite exploration and pique curiosity.

The singular vicissitudes of its fortune under conquest by the Moguls and the English point to its future and the great part it has to play in the destiny of the wide-branching Anglo-Saxon race. It has always been a storehouse, a perfect mine for plunder wherein looters have always revelled. And this fact has ingrained in its people reserve and secretiveness that are not equalled anywhere. The Mogul invaders took all the treasures in money or valuable objects that they could, and remained in the country to enjoy them. The quantity of precious things they confiscated cannot be calculated. At one place they entered the town and were beseeched by the priests to take all but not to molest the statue of the God. But the commander raised his mighty sword and clave the image to the breast. From its interior fell out fortunes in gems and diamonds. So also the English. They overran the land, and of the great booty taken by common soldiers and officers back to Europe it has been declared by competent English writers no accurate estimate could be made, so great was the amount. In these two conquests occurred the events in the beginning which unerringly point to the destiny of India. For as at first she was a receptacle from which was taken an enormous treasure in material wealth and goods, so at the last her treasures of literature and philosophy are destined to cover the lands of English-speaking peoples, to infiltrate into the western mind, and finally drive out the puerile, degrading dogmas of Christendom, replacing them with a noble and elevating scheme of philosophy which alone can save the world. This will never be done by the Hindu of to-day, to whom we need not look, but will come about, just as in the conquest, by the appropriation of the philosophy from the storehouse and receptacle in India by the vigorous mind of the West.

Max Müller in his Cambridge Lectures upon India said, "But what I feel convinced of, and hope to convince you of, is that Sans-

krit literature, if studied only in the right spirit, is full of human interest, full of lessons which even Greek could never teach us, a subject worthy to occupy the leisure, and more than the leisure, of every Indian Civil servant. * * * There are other things, and, in one sense, very important things, which we too may learn from India. * * * If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, *and has found the solution* of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself what literature we here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans, and of one Semitic race, the Jewish, may draw that corrective *which is most wanted* in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India. * * * I am thinking chiefly of India such as it was a thousand, two thousand, it may be three thousand, years ago. That India is full of problems the solutions of which concerns all of us, even us in this Europe of the nineteenth century."

This quotation from such an eminent scholar supports the view I have held from youth that India is our great storehouse and as such ought to be used with all the means at our command and at every opportunity. Just as Prof. Müller says, I am not thinking of the Indian people of to-day, but of the minds of her past who have left to us an enormous mass of records of their studies and solutions of the greatest problems that can engage the attention of the human mind. It has become somewhat the fashion for members of the Theosophical Society to suppose that the intention of the leaders of the Society was and is to make us follow the example of the swarming millions of Hindustan in ascetic or caste practices. To this some have mistakenly adhered and attempted the task, while others have railed against the man of straw of their own creation.

Others again, not taking the pains to understand the matter, have permitted outsiders to exclaim against the absurdity of following the lead of the Hindus, who are, they say, much below us in all respects. These weak members have by silence allowed the assertions to pass as proven and our Society to remain misrepresented. But while I cannot wholly agree that even the Hindu of to-day cannot be an example for us in anything, I leave it out of the question, inasmuch as he as well as ourselves is engaged in studying the records of the past for the same purpose that we should have in the same pursuit, as pointed out by Max Müller.

The student of Occultism, on hearing only the facts about the conquests of India, would see therein the finger of fate pointing to the future as fully indicated by the present circumstances.

For the great material and temporal events happening at the conquest of a nation always show to him who can see what is to be

its future, in some respects at least. But long years have passed since that conquest, and we now have history to aid the purblind eye of the nineteenth century mind that is hardly able to see anything save dollars and cents or the mere daily benefits growing out of their possession and use. As orientalists and archæologists have abundantly shown, it is known that our fables come from India, that the Greeks drew much from that source, and that we are indebted to her for more than we have yet been able to acknowledge. Müller and Schopenhauer and others have been delving into the Upanishads and Vedas, and every day there is growing more and more a widespread interest in ideas purely Hindu in their origin. Even poets of the female sex write sonnets in our magazines upon great doctrines such as Nirvana,[1] which, although utterly wrong in conception of that doctrine, yet show the flowing of the tide of old Brahmanical pondering. All of this pictures to me a new conquest of the West by India, the great land for conquerors. It is the rising from the grave of the mighty men of some thousands of years ago that constitutes this invasion and will bring about our conquest. And this silent leavening of the lump goes on while Mr. Gladstone is attempting with much show to prove that the Christian Bible is the only bible, as his friends in various Jerusalem Societies spend time and money in the attempt to establish the notion that a single Semitic nation is the one that the West has received all her benefits from, and that it is necessary to prove the Semitic narrative true in order to stem the tide of materialism.

If I were convinced by any reasonable proof or argument that Palestine was ever the cradle of our civilization or philosophy, or other than the seat of a people who are the true exponents of a fine social materialism, I would advocate great attention to her records. But it is not a single small nation we should look to. The fountain head is better than a secondary receptacle, a mere cistern that takes the overflow from the source. The fountain is old India, and to that the members of the Theosophical Society who are not only desirous of saving time but also of aiding the sages of the past in the evolution of doctrines which, applied to our great new civilization, can alone save it from failure, will bend themselves to the task of carrying out our second object—the investigation of Aryan literature, religion, and science.

We must prepare. There are men in India to-day who are qualified and willing to aid in translating works hitherto untranslated, in collecting that which shall enable us to disseminate and popularize true doctrines of man's life and destiny. Time is very short and cannot be spent by all of us in learning Sanskrit. But if every member of the Society gave all he could to its funds, the treasury of the American Section could afford the employment in India of pandits who would delve into their old stores for us, and we then could print and distribute results to every member. Ought

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1. See **Current Literature**, January, 1890, p. 48, "Nirvana," by Carrie Stevens Walter.

not the year 1891 to mark a step in advance? Ought not the many members to now come to the aid of the few who hitherto have borne the greater part of the burden of the work and expense? Let us then get ready to use the material in the ancient storehouse of India, treasures that no man can be called a thief for taking, since the truths acquired by the mind respecting man's life, conduct, constitution, and destiny are the common property of the human race, a treasure that is lost by monopoly and expanded by dissemination.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for February, 1891.)

BHAKTI—DEVOTED FAITH

A high grade Chela sent the following to his Guru through a messenger:

"Tell the madman that men have become unsettled,"
"Tell the madman that the food no longer finds a market,"
"Tell the madman that there is no unsettled state in practice,"
"Tell the madman that this has been told by one mad."

The Guru smiled mournfully and hung down his head in silence. Shortly after the above the Guru suddenly disappeared, and the Chela died a few months later.

That Guru was Sree Krishna Chaitanya, the Founder of the present Vaishnava Sect in Bengal. His object was to found a Spiritual Brotherhood of Humanity irrespective of caste or creed. At a time when caste rules were more rigidly observed than now, when Hindus and Musalmans were at eternal feuds with each other, when the different religious sects of Hindus hated each other bitterly and when terrible Tantric rites led men to offer human victims at the altar of our Deities, Chaitanya and his followers sowed the seed of peace and good-will to all men on earth, disregarded all caste rules, and admitted even Musalmans in their fraternity on terms of perfect equality.

This highly intelligent and learned Brahmin, Chaitanya, left home, shunned every comfort, and becoming a voluntary exile at an early age devoted the rest of his life to the spiritual welfare of Humanity. His humility, his sweet behavior, his wonderful self-sacrifice, his devotion to the cause, and his kindness to all were beyond all praise. While his learning made a deep impression on all he came in contact with, he disarmed the pangs of defeat in a religious discussion by his humility and sweetness.

He lived a strict celibate life after leaving home, and was very stern in that respect to his disciples.

The philosophy he taught to his disciples about cosmic evolution

bears a close resemblance to the Secret Doctrine, while the Society or Fraternity he tried to establish on earth may be said to be an improved model of the T. S., the main point of difference being that his society was based on Bhakti, Faith or Devotion, while ours is on that of Gnanam or knowledge.

But what is Bhakti? It is the inexpressible yearning of the soul for the Supreme Intelligence, it is the twin-sister of Gnanam, the Path of Humility, Love, and Devotion. Bhakti lies latent in every man, but is rendered inactive mainly by our selfishness and pride. Its first glimmering in us is what is called in Bhagavad Geeta Satwikee Sraddha (Geeta xvii, 2). The delight of a devotee, the faithfulness of a servant to his master, the mother's love for her child, sincere friendship or sexual love, are all manifestations (in many cases through Kama) of the same spiritual faculty lying latent in us—Bhakti.

All our efforts for spiritual advancement have one common name, *Yoga,* or more properly *Sadhana.* Sadhana is of three kinds, viz; Gnanam knowledge, Yoga proper, and Bhakti. To a Gnanee or one that knows, THAT appears as Brahm (the Universe pervading Principle), to a Yogi Atma (our Higher Self) is THAT, to a Bhakti, Bhagavan (the Lord of all Powers, they being divided into *six* classes) is THAT. It therefore depends on the fitness of the individual to choose any one of the three courses or divisions of effort. The preliminary training, however, appears in many respects common to all the three, viz., strict vegetarianism, a life of celibacy, purity of thought, word, and deed, and devotion to the spirit.

K. P. MUKHERJI.

Berhampore, Bengal, India.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for April, 1891.) Vol. 6. page 18

HIDDEN HINTS IN THE SECRET DOCTRINE

(*From p. 160 to p. 184,* Vol. I.*)

By W. Q. J.

Mars and Mercury bear an occult relation to the earth which will not be explained. *V. I. p. 163.* This is not because no explanation exists, but because, as said (*p. 164, footnote*), these explanations belong to high grades of initiation.

Figures and Numbers the key to the whole system; *V. I. p. 164, last line.* This has often been stated. Among the Jewish

*References are to paging of the original edition of the **Secret Doctrine.**

cabalists it is said that the Universe is built by number, weight, and measure, and that harmony is the law reigning over all. Now if the hint given be true, that figures and numbers *will not* be given for the above reasons, then it is useless for students to bother their minds about the occult meaning of numbers, as so many now do; for this occult meaning cannot be found without assistance.

Venus in Her 7th Round. See italicized para. *on p. 165*, where it is said that that planet is in her last round. This must be her 7th. Hence the men there are as gods to us, and, if the argument from analogy is to be relied on, some of her great light must emanate from those beings and not all be from the sun.

Mars with Two Moons Not His Own. See *p. 164, ital. para.* This is taken from the letter by a Master who, replying to the query as to why Mercury and Venus have no satellites, say: "It is because Mars has two to which he has no right and—for other reasons". That is, we infer that Mars absorbed these moons or dragged them off into his orbit at some time enormously distant and still keeps them. They cannot therefore stand to him in the same relation as our moon does to us. One of the "other reasons" may be that, Venus being in her 7th round, all vestiges of old moons have been sublimated and absorbed into her atmosphere.

Esoteric Metaphysics must be understood. *V. I. p. 169 last para.* This rule is laid down by the Adepts and is therefore of greater weight than if formulated by a student. It is useless to attempt to master the system on the lines of modern research, which at best are empirical, very faulty, and leading almost always to a materialization of the whole scheme. Metaphysics deals with the real because the ideal, and physical science with the phenomenal and therefore ilusory and changeable.

Evolution of the Monad a Basic Principle. *P. 171, 1st line, V. I.* This is laid down with extreme clearness and should not be forgotten. It is not expanded so that inattentive minds may get it through much repetition, but it is postulated once for all. It is still altogether too customary for students to separate the Monads, first from the globes and then from the beings thereon. They cannot be thus divided off. All the globes and their objects are and ever will be monads in stages of evolution, just as we who now study the question are monads ourselves in other stages. The false notion should at once be discarded that there was a time when there were no monads on the globe but that there was here in waiting this ball of earth coming from no one knows where, and that later on monads arrived to occupy it.

If we carry out the principle laid down, then the globe is the creation of the monad; and when the globe is evolved, at once monads needing that experience enter into its corporeality to continue its existence. These later monads are those far behind in the race who will, in some succeeding period of evolution, be in a position to evolve on their own account some new globe in ages yet far distant, for the carrying on of the same process eternally. For,

as a material object cannot spring out of nothing, neither can education or knowledge or ability to plan arise out of nothing, but must be based upon and flow from some prior experience or education. So it must be that even now there are monads encased in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms which have never been farther than that, and will during the remainder of the race evolution continue their education in those lower kingdoms until their time shall come when, the door opening for their exit, they will pass out and higher to make room for others.

Limit to Number of Monads. Although there can be no such thing as a metaphysical limit to the monads, yet practically, for the purposes of any one manvantara, there must be a limited number of monads included within its evolutionary sweep. Since a manvantara, however vast and inconceivable by us, is wholly a finite period, it sets its own limit—within the illimitable absolute—for the monads attracted to it. This of necessity must be, since the natural world which makes experience possible, being finite because material, sets the limit by reason of its capacity being bounded. *See first para. p. 171, V. I.*

The Fate of the Anthropoid Apes. This interesting question is raised first on pp. *173 and 175 V. I.* and not disposed of. There, in describing the course of the evolution of the monad, it is said that the laggards will not be men at all in this cycle *save one exception.* On *p. 184, 2nd para.* it seemed to be answered. "In this Round * * the anthropoids destined to die out in this our race when their monads will be liberated and pass into the astral human forms, or the highest human elementals, of the sixth and seventh Races, and then into lowest human forms in the fifth Round." These descendants of men through union with animals will thus be karmically rewarded in the next round after this, instead of having to wait until another manvantara.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for May, 1891.)

WHAT YE GIVE YE SHALL HAVE

The following letter was read at a meeting of the Aryan T. S. of New York I can certify to the truth of the writer's statements in every particular.—W. Q. J.

To Mr. William Q. Judge, Pres't Aryan T. S.

Dear Sir:

You are necessarily a busy man, overrun with questions and letters from all parts of the Union. But I venture to ask your views on this point of practical theosophy.

What rule ought to be laid down respecting the contributions of theosophists to theosophic or charitable objects?

In a conversation which I once had in New York with a member of your Aryan branch, he told me that after taking out of his salary, which was not a large one, enough to keep himself and wife plainly but comfortably, he gave the whole of what was left to the cause of humanity. His theory was that all the money he had earned he had a right to, it was his; and if he gave away part of it from love for his fellowman, he held that the money was still his and would one day come back to him. This, he claimed, was an occult law, which was expressed in that well-known biblical text, "He that hath pity on the poor, lended unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." His experience, he explained, justified him in saying that this statement was strictly and literally true. Every dollar he had thus given away had been repaid, not simply in the satisfaction felt at having done his duty in this manner, but in hard cash and with liberal interest.

I am not sure how far it is wise to speak of one's own personal affairs in public; but suppressing completely my name and personality, I have thought it might perhaps stimulate the members of your branch, if not theosophists generally, to a more liberal giving if I add that my experience thus far corroborates my friend's belief touching the workings of this occult law. Every cent given by me for theosophic and kindred purposes has been like so much bread cast upon the waters; indeed, the more I have given the greater has been the return. To particularize:

Eighteen months ago my salary was increased, without any solicitation of mine, fifteen dollars per week. I did not particularly need the increase, although it would have been very convenient in meeting storekeepers' bills and other family expenses. But by strict economy I could get on without the increase, and so I made up my mind to give it all away. Ten dollars per week were therefore laid aside for strictly theosophic uses, and five dollars have been regularly sent to help along the family of an old schoolmate who fell off a load of hay, hurt his spine, and will be a cripple for life. Of course this was done as a simple matter of duty, and without any desire or expectation of personal gain. Now for the sequel.

A month ago a gentleman called upon me and handed me a check in my favor for $500. This was promptly declined, on the ground that I had done nothing to earn it.

"Are you not a member of such a body?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"And haven't you attended certain meetings and done such and such work?"

"Certainly, but what has all that to do with the check? The position was entirely honorary."

"There you mistake," was the reply. "Nothing was said to you about it at the time of your appointment; but there is really a salary attached to the place, and this is the first instalment of it. Will

you take it? It is perfectly right and proper, and you are fully entitled to it."

I took the check and with it paid off a debt of equal amount—money which I had borrowed to help a friend. Since then a second instalment of $500 has been received, and the account, commercially speaking, now at the close of the year stands as follows:

Contributions to theosophic and charitable objects, 18 months at $40 per month	$ 720
Cash received unexpectedly	1,000
Surplus, receipts over payments	$ 280

Now, I know nothing of the law in question. I only state a few plain facts in my own experience. But they will serve, I hope, to excuse the question raised at the head of this long letter, and may incidentally direct the attention of members of your New York branch of the Society to the profit as well as the duty of liberality in giving.

Yours in the faith,

THEOPHILUS.

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for April, 1891.)

OUR CYCLE AND THE NEXT

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden days return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn."

—*Shelley.*

"My friend, the golden age hath passed away,
Only the good have power to bring it back. . . "

—*Goethe.*

WHAT had the author of *Prometheus Unbound* in his mind's eye when writing about the return of the golden days, and the new beginning of the world's great age? Has his poetical foresight carried his "*Vision* of the Nineteenth Century" into the "One Hundred and Nineteenth," or has that vision revealed to him in gorgeous imagery the things to come which are the things that were?

Fichte assures us it is "a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages," that "what *we shall become* is pictured

by something which *we already have been;* and that what we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost." And he adds, "what Rousseau, under the name of the state of Nature, and old poets by the title of the Golden Age, place *behind* us, lies actually *before* us."

Such is also Tennyson's idea, when he says:

"Old writers push'd the happy season back—
The more fools they—we forward: dreamers both. . . . "

Happy the optimist in whose heart the nightingale of hope can still sing, with all the iniquity and cold selfishness of the present age before his eyes! Our century is a boastful age, as proud as it is hypocritical; as cruel as it is dissembling.

Oh ye, gods, how dissembling and truly sacrilegious in the face of every truth, is this, our century, with all its boastful sanctimoniousness and cant! Verily, "Pecksniffian" ought to be thy name, oh, *nineteenth* of thy Christian series. For thou hast generated more hypocrites in a square yard of thy civilized soil than antiquity has bred of them on all its idolatrous lands during long ages. And thy modern Pecksniff, of both sexes, is "so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood that he is *moral* even in drunkenness and canting even in shame and discovery," in the words of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

If true, how dreadful Fichte's statement! It is terrible beyond words. Shall we then expect at some future recurring cycle to *rebecome* that which "we already have been," or *that which we are now?* To obtain a glance into the future cycle we have thus but to examine the situation around us in the present day. What do we find?

Instead of truth and sincerity, we have propriety and cold, cultured politeness; in one plain word, *dissembling*. Falsification on every plane; falsification of moral food and the same falsification of eatable food. *Margarine* butter for the soul, and margarine butter for the stomach; beauty and fresh colours without, and rottenness and corruption within. Life—a long race-course, a feverish chase, whose goal is a tower of selfish ambition, of pride, and vanity, of greed for money or honours, and in which human passions are the horsemen, and our weaker brethren the steeds. At this terrible steeplechase the prize-cup is purchased with the heart's blood and sufferings of countless fellow-creatures, and won at the cost of spiritual self-degradation.

Who, in this century, would presume to say what he thinks? It takes a brave man, nowadays, to speak the truth fearlessly, and even that at personal risk and cost. For the law forbids one saying the truth, except under compulsion, in its courts and under threat of perjury. Have lies told about you publicly and in print, and, unless you are wealthy, you are powerless to shut your calumniator's

mouth; state facts, and you become a defamer; hold your tongue on some iniquity perpetrated in your presence, and your friends will hold you as a participator therein—a confederate. The expression of one's honest opinion has become impossible in this, our cycle. The just lost bill repealing the "Blasphemy Laws," is a good proof in point.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had, in its issue of April 13th, some pertinent lines on the subject; its arguments, however, presenting but a one-sided view, and having, therefore, to be accepted *cum grano salis*. It reminds the reader that the true principle in the Blasphemy Laws "was long ago laid down by Lord Macaulay," and adds:

"To express your own religious or irreligious opinions with the utmost possible freedom is one thing; to put forward your views offensively, so as to outrage and pain other people, is another thing. You may wear what clothes you please, or no clothes at all, in your own house, but if a man were to assert his right to walk down Regent-street clad solely in his shirt the public would have a right to object. Suppose some zealous man were to placard all the boardings of London with "comic" pictures of the Crucifixion, that surely ought to be an offense, even in the eyes of those who do not believe the Crucifixion ever happened."

Just so. Be religious or irreligious, in our age, as much as you like, but do not be offensive, and dare not "outrage and pain other people." Does *other* people mean here Christians only, no other persons being considered? Moreover, the margin thus left for the jury's opinion is ominously wide, for who knows where the line of demarcation is to be drawn! To be entirely impartial and fair in their verdict in these particular matters, the jury would have to be a mixed one and consist of six Christians and six "infidels." Now we have been impressed in youth that Themis was a blindfolded goddess only in antiquity and among the heathen. Since then—Christianity and civilization having opened her eyes—the allegory allows now of two versions. But we try to believe the best of the two inferences, and thinking of law most reverentially, we come to the following conclusions: *in law*, that which is sauce for the goose *must be* sauce for the gander. Therefore, if administered on this principle, the "Blasphemy Laws," must prove most beneficent to all concerned, "without distinction of race, colour or religion," as we say in theosophy.

Now, if law *is* equitable, it must apply impartially to all. Are we then to understand that it forbids "to outrage and pain" *anyone's* feelings, or simply those of the Christians? If the former, then it must include Theosophists, Spiritualists, the many millions of *heathens* whom merciful fate has made Her Majesty's subjects, and even the Freethinkers, and Materialists, some of whom are very thin-skinned. It *cannot* mean the latter, *i. e.*, limit the "law" to the God of the Christians alone; nor would we presume to suspect it of such a sinful bias. For "blasphemy" is a word applying not only

to God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, not merely to the Virgin and Saints, but to every God or Goddess. This term, with the same criminal sense attached to it, existed with the Greeks, the Romans, and with the older Egyptian ages before our era. "Thou shalt not revile the *gods*" (plural), stands out prominent in verse 28 of chapter xxii. of *Exodus,* when "God" speaks out from Mount Sinai. So much admitted, what becomes of our friends, the missionaries? If enforced, the law does not promise them a very nice time of it. We pity them, with the Blasphemy Laws suspended over their heads like a sword of Damocles; for, of all the foul-mouthed *blasphemers* against God and the Gods of other nations they are the foremost. Why should they be allowed to break the law against Vishnu, Durga, or any fetish; against Buddha, Mahomet, or even a spook, in whom a spiritualist sincerely recognizes his dead mother, any more than an "infidel" against Jehovah? In the eyes of Law, Hanuman, the monkey-god, has to be protected as much as any of the trinitarian god-heads: otherwise law would be more blindfolded than ever. Moreover, besides his sacredness in the eyes of the teeming millions of India, Hanuman is no less dear to the sensitive hearts of Darwinists; and blasphemy against our first cousin, the tailless baboon, is certain to "hurt the feelings" of Messrs. Allen Grant and Aveling, as much as those of many Hindu theosophists. We grant that he who makes "comic pictures of the crucifixion," commits an offense against the law. But so does he who ridicules Krishna, and misunderstanding the allegory of his Gopi (shepherdesses) speaks foully of him before Hindus. And how about the profane and vulgar jokes uttered from the pulpit by some ministers of the gospels themselves—not about Krishna, but Christ himself?

And here steps in the comical discrepancy between theory and practice, between the dead and living letter of the law. We know of several most offensively "comic" preachers, but have hitherto found "infidels" and *atheists* alone sternly reproving for it those sinning Christian ministers, whether in England or America.

The world upside down! Profane blasphemy charged upon gospel preachers, the orthodox press keeping silent about it, and an Agnostic alone raising his voice against such clownish proceedings. It is certain that we find more truth in one paragraph of "Saladin's"* writings than in half the daily papers of the United Kingdom; more of reverential and true feeling, to whatsoever applied, and more of fine sense for the *fitness of things* in the little finger of that "infidel," than in all the burly, boisterous figure of the Reverend-irreverend Mr. Spurgeon. One is an "agnostic"—a "scoffer at the Bible" he is called; the other a famous Christian preacher. But *Karma* hav-

*The fine poet and witty editor of the late **Secular Review,** now the **"Agnostic Journal."** The works of Mr. W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin") **e. g.,** "Woman, Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," "Miscellaneous Pamphlets," "God and His Book," etc., etc., will become in the XXth century the most powerful as the most complete vindication of every man and woman called **infidel** in the XIXth.

ing nought to do with the dead letter of human laws, of civilization or progress, provides on our spinning ball of mud an antidote for every evil, hence a truth-worshiping infidel, for every money-making preacher who desecrates his gods. America has its Talmage, described very properly by the *New York "Sun"*** as a "gibbering charlatan," and its Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In England Talmage's imitators find a stern Nemesis in "Saladin." The Yankee preacher was more than once severely taken to task by infidel papers for leading his flock to heaven not in a reverential spirit, but trying to shorten the long and tedious journey with sundry Biblical anecdotes. Who in New York has forgotten the *farce-pantomime* performed by Talmage on April 15, 1877? We remember it well. His subject was the "trio of Bethany," when each of the three *dramatis personæ* was "mimicked to perfection," as declared by the congregation. Jesus was shown by the reverend harlequin, "making a morning call" on Mary and Martha, throwing himself "on an *ottoman,*" then taking up the time of Mary "the lover of ethics," who sat at his feet, and finding himself *"blown up* for this (*sic*) by Martha, "left to serve alone." Colonel Sandys said the other day in the House of Commons in his speech on Mr. Bradlaugh's Blasphemy Bill which he opposed, that "while we punished those who killed the body, the object of the bill was to allow those who would murder the souls of men to do so with impunity."

Does he think that making fun of *sacred* beliefs by a Christian preacher fills the souls of his listeners with reverence, and *murders it* only when that fun comes from an infidel? The same pious "commoner" reminded the House that: "Under the law of Moses those who committed blasphemy were to be taken out of the camp and stoned to death."

We have not the slightest objection to Protestant fanatics of the Mosaic persuasion, taking the Talmages and Spurgeons, and stoning them to death. We will not even stop to enquire of such a modern Saul, why blame in such a case the Pharisees for acting on that same Mosaic law and crucifying his Christ, or "certain of the Synagogue of the Libertines" for stoning Stephen? But we will simply state this:—If *justice*, like charity, does not stop "at home," such unfairness as Freethinkers, Agnostics, Theosophists, and other *infidels* receive generally at the hands of law, will be a subject of the scorn for future history.

For history repeats itself. Spurgeon having poked fun at Paul's *miracles*, we recommend every fair-minded person to procure the *Agnostic Journal* of April 13, and read Saladin's article "At Random," devoted to that favourite preacher. If they would find out the reason why, day by day, religious feeling is dying out in this country, *murdered* as it is in Christian *souls*, let them read it. Reverence is replaced by emotionalism. The Salvationists glorifying

**The Sun of April 6, 1877.

Christ on the "light fantastic toe," and Spurgeon's "tabernacle" is all that remains in this Christian land of the Sermon on the Mount. Crucifixion and Calvary are solely represented by that weird combination of hell-fire and "Punch and Judy show," which is pre-eminently Mr. Spurgeon's religion. Who, then, will find these lines by "Saladin" *too* strong?

. . . . Edward Irving was a severe mystic and volcanic Elijah; Charles Spurgeon is a grinning and exoteric Grimaldi. Newly returned from Mentone and gout, he presided over the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church Auxiliary, held in the Tabernacle. At the commencement of the proceedings he remarked to those about to pray: "Now, it is a cold night, and, if anybody prays very long, somebody will be frozen to death. (Laughter.) I remember that Paul preached a long sermon once, and a young man tumbled out of a window and killed himself. If anybody gets frozen tonight, I am not like Paul, and cannot restore him, so please don't render a miracle necessary, as I cannot perform it." (Laughter.)

Such a jester as this, if he had been alive and in Palestine, contemporary with the "blessed Lord," out of whom he makes such a profit, would have poked the said "blessed Lord" jocularly in the ribs with a "Well, and how are you, old boy from Nazareth?" There would have been Judas, called Iscariot, who carried the bag, and Charles, called Spurgeon, who wore the cap and bells.

I make light of the Galilean fables, because to me they are simply fables; but to Mr. Spurgeon they are "the very word of very God," and it is not for him to make light of them, even to please the holy mediocrities of the Tabernacle. I venture to recommend to Mr. Spurgeon's devout attention a sentiment to be found in Cicero's **De Legibus**, and which runs thus: **De sacris autem haec sit una sententia, ut conserventur.** As Mr. Spurgeon has all his life been so prayerfully absorbed that he has had no time for study and knows no language save a voluble gush of washerwoman English, I may tell him and his that the words mean, **But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.—(Agn. Journal,** April 13.)

Amen, we utter, from the bottom of our soul, to this noble advice. "But his pen is dipped in sacrilegious gall!" we heard a clergyman say to us the other day, speaking of "Saladin." "Aye," we answered. "But his is a diamond pen, and the gall of his irony is clear as crystal, free as it is from any other desire than to deal justly and speak the truth." In view of the "blasphemy law" remaining on hand, and the equitable law of this country which makes a libel *more libellous* in proportion to the truth it contains, and especially with an eye to the pecuniary ruin which it entails upon at least one of the parties, there is more heroism and fearless self-abnegation in speaking the truth *pro bono publico,* than in pandering to public hobbies. With the exception, perhaps, of the brave and outspoken editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* there is no writer in England whom we respect more for such noble-minded fearlessness, and none whose fine wit we admire more than "Saladin's."

But the world, in our day, judges everything on appearance. Motives are held as of no account, and the materialistic tendency is foremost in condemning *á priori* that which clashes with skin-deep propriety and encrusted notions. Nations, men, and ideas all are judged according to our preconceptions, and the lethal emanations of modern civilization kill all goodness and truth. As observed by St. Georges, the savage races are fast disappearing, "killed by the mere contact of civilized man." No doubt, it *must be* a consolation to the Hindu and even the Zulu, to think that all their surviving brethren will die (thanks to the missionary effort) linguists and

scholars, if not Christians. A theosophist, a colonist born in Africa, was telling us the other day that a Zulu had offered himself to him as "a boy." This Caffre was a graduate of a college, a Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English scholar. Found unable with all these achievements to cook a dinner or clean boots, the gentleman had to send him away—probably *to starve*. All this has inflated the European with pride. But, as says again the above-quoted writer, "he forgets that Africa is fast becoming Mussulman, and that *Islam*, a kind of granite block which in its powerful cohesion defies the force of the waves and winds, is refractory to European ideas, which, so far, have never seriously affected it." Europe may yet awaken one day to find itself Mussulman, if not in "durance vile" to the "heathen Chinee." But when the "*inferior* races" have all died out, who, or what shall replace them in the cycle that is to mirror our own?

There are those, also, who with a superficial eye to ancient as also to modern history, slight and disparage everything ever achieved in antiquity. We remember reading about heathen priesthoods; who "built proud towers," instead of "emancipating degraded savages." The Magi of Babylon were contrasted with the "poor Patagonians" and other Christian missions, the former coming out second best in every such comparison. To this it may be answered that if the ancients built "proud towers" so do the moderns; witness, the present Parisian craze, the *Eiffel* Tower. How many human lives the ancient towers cost, no one can tell, but the Eiffel, unfinished as it is, has cost in the first year of its existence over one hundred workmen killed. Between the latter and the Babylonian Tower, the palm of superiority in usefulness belongs by rights to the *ziggurat*, the Planet Tower of Nebo's Temple of Borsippa. Between a "proud tower" built to the national God of Wisdom, and another "proud tower" constructed to attract the children of folly —unless it is urged that even modern folly is superior to ancient wisdom—there is room for a diversity of opinions. Furthermore, it is to Chaldean *astrolatry* that modern astrognosy owes its progress, and it is the astronomical calculations of the Magi that became the ground-work of our present mathematical astronomy and have guided discoverers in their researches. As to missions, whether to Patagonia or Anam, Africa or Asia, it is still an open question with the unprejudiced, whether they are a benefit or an evil which Europe confers on the "degraded savages." We seriously doubt whether the "benighted" heathen would not profit more by being left severely alone than by being made (in addition to treason to their earlier beliefs) acquainted with the blessings of rum, whiskey and the various ensuing diseases which generally appear in the trail of European missionaries. Every sophistry notwithstanding, a moderately honest *heathen* is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than a lying, thieving, rascally Christian convert. And—since he is assured that his robes (*i. e.*, crimes) are washed in the blood of Jesus, and is told of God's greater joy "over one sinner that repenteth" than

over 99 sinless saints—neither he, nor we, can see why the convert should not profit by the opportunity.

"Who," asks E. Young, "gave in antiquity twenty millions, not at the bidding of an imperious monarch or a tyrannical priesthood, but at the spontaneous call of the national conscience and by the immediate instrumentality of the national will?" the writer adding, that in this "money grant" there is "a moral grandeur that sinks the Pyramids into littleness." O, the pride and the conceit of this our age!

We do not know. Had each of the subscribers to this "money grant" given his "widow's *two mites*," they might claim collectively to have *cast* "more than all," more than any other nation, and await their reward. England being, however, the wealthiest nation in the world, the intrinsic merits of the case seem slightly altered. Twenty millions in a lump represent indeed a mighty engine for good. But such a "money grant" could only gain in Karma, were it to pander less to national pride, and were the nation not to feel itself so exalted for it, in the four quarters of the globe, by hundred-voiced fame trumpeted by public organs. *True* charity opens her purse-strings with an invisible hand, and:

"Finishing its act, exists no more. . . . . ."

It shuns Fame, and is never ostentatious. Besides which, everything is relative. One million in specie, 3,000 years ago, represented ten-fold more than twenty millions to-day. Twenty millions are a Niagara inundating with Titanic force some popular want, and creating, for the time being, as great a commotion. But, while helping for a certain lapse of time tens of thousands of hungry wretches even such an enormous sum leaves ten times as many unfortunate, starving wretches still unrelieved.

To such munificent bounties we prefer countries where there are no needy people at all, *e. g.* those small communities, the remnants of once mighty races, which allow no beggars among their co-religionists—we mean the Parsis. Under the Indian and Buddhist Kings, like Chandagupta and Asoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses*, digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveler could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little clear stream of cold, healthy water which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference, now and then, by fits and starts.

Thus, if we have to become in the future cycle *that which we already have been*, let this be as in the days of Asoka, not as it is now. But we are reproached with forgetting "*Christian* heroism."

Where will you find, we are asked, a parallel to the heroism of the early martyrs and that displayed in our day? We are sorry to contradict this boast like many others. If casual instances of heroism in our century are undeniable, who, on the other hand, dreads death more, as a general rule, than the Christian? The idolater, the Hindu and the Buddhist, in short every Asiatic or African, dies with an indifference and serenity unknown to our Western man. As for *"Christian Heroism,"* whether we mean mediæval or modern heroes or heroines, a St. Louis, or a General Gordon, a Joan of Arc, or a Nightingale, there is no need of the adjective to emphasize the substantive. The Christian martyrs were preceded by the idolatrous and even godless Spartans of many virtues, the brave sisters of the Red Cross by the matrons of Rome and Greece. To this day, the daily self-tortures submitted to by the Indian Yogi and the Mussulman Fakir, tortures often lasting through years, throw entirely into the shadow the unavoidable heroism of the Christian martyr, ancient or modern. He who would learn the full meaning of the word "heroism" must read the "Annals of Rajistan" by Colonel Tod. . . . . .

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is a golden rule, but like so many others from the same source, Christians are the first to break it .

Pride and conceit are the two hideous cancers devouring the heart of *civilized* nations, and selfishness is the sword handled by evanescent *personality* to sever the golden thread that links it to immortal INDIVIDUALITY. Old Juvenal must have been a prophet. It is *our* century that he addresses when saying,

> "We own thy merits; but we blame beside
> Thy mind elate with insolence and pride!"

Pride is the first enemy to itself. Unwilling to hear any one praised in its presence, it falls foul of every rival and does not always come out victorious. "I am *the* ONE, and God's elect," says the proud nation. "I am *the* invincible and the foremost; tremble all ye around me!" Behold, there comes a day when we see it crouching in the dust, bleeding and mangled. "I am the ONE," croaks the private crow in peacock's feathers. "I am *the* ONE—painter, artist, writer, or what not—*par excellence*. . . . . On whomsoever I shed my light, he is singled out by the nations; on whomsoever I turn my back, he is doomed to contempt and oblivion."

Vain conceit and glorification. In the law of Karma as in the truths we find in the gospels, he who is the first will be the last—hereafter. There are those writers whose thoughts, however distasteful to the bigoted majority, will survive many generations; others which, however brilliant and original, will be rejected in the future cycles. Moreover, as the cowl does not make the monk, so the external excellence of a thing does not guarantee the moral beauty of its workman, whether in art or literature. Some of the

most eminent poets, philosophers and authors were historically immoral. Rousseau's ethics did not prevent his nature being far from perfect. Edgar Poe is said to have written his best poems in a state verging on *delirium tremens*. George Sand, her magnificent psychological insight, the high moral character of her heroines, and her elevated ideas notwithstanding, could have never claimed the *Monthyon* prize for virtue. Talent, moreover, and especially genius, are no development of any one's present life, of which one ought to feel personally proud, but the fruition of a previous existence, and its illusions are dangerous. "Maya," say the Orientals, "spreads its thickest and most deceitful veils over the most lovely spots and objects in nature." The most beautiful serpents are the most venomous. The *Upas* tree, whose deadly atmosphere kills every living thing that approaches it, is—the Queen of Beauty in the African forests.

Shall we expect the same in the "coming cycle"? Are we doomed to the same evils then that befall us now?

Nevertheless, and though Fichte's speculation will have proved correct and Shelley's "Golden Age" will have dawned upon mankind, still Karma will have its usual way. For we shall have become "the ancients" in our turn, for those who will come long after us. The men of that period will also believe themselves the *only* perfect beings and show scorn to the "Eiffel" as we show scorn to the Babel-tower. Slaves to the *routine*—the established opinions of the day; what they of the next cycle will say and do, will alone be well said and done.

"Wolf! wolf!" will be the cry raised against those who, as we defend the ancients now, will attempt to say a good word for us. And forthwith the finger of scorn and every weapon available will be directed at him who falls off from the beaten track, and at the "blasphemers" who may dare to call by their right names the gods of that cycle, and presume to defend their own ideals. What biographies shall be written of the famous infidels of to-day, one can foresee in reading those of some of England's best poets; *e. g.*, the posthumous opinions passed on Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Yea, he is now accused of what he would have otherwise been praised for, because, forsooth, he wrote in his boyhood "A Defence of Atheism"! *Ergo,* his imagination is said to have carried him "beyond the bounds of reality," and his metaphysics are said to be "without a solid foundation of reason." This amounts to saying that his critics alone know *all* about the landmarks placed by nature between the real and the unreal. This kind of orthodox trignometrical surveyors of the absolute, who claim to be the only specialists chosen by their God for the setting of boundaries and who are ever ready to sit in judgment over independent metaphysicians, are a feature of our century. In Shelley's case, the metaphysics of the young author of "Queen Mab," described in popular encyclopedias as a "violent and blasphemous attack on Christianity and the Bible,"

must, of course, have appeared to his infallible judges without "a solid foundation in reason." For them, that "foundation" is in the motto of Tertullian, *"Credo quia absurdium est."*

Poor, great young Shelley! He who laboured so zealously for several years of his too short life in relieving the poor and consoling the distressed, and who, according to Medwin, would have given his last sixpence to a stranger in want, he is called an *Atheist* for refusing to accept the Bible *literally!* We find, perhaps, a reason for this "Atheism" in the *Conversations Lexicon,* in which Shelley's immortal name is followed by that of Shem, "the eldest son of Noah . . . . said in Scripture to have died at the age of 600 years." The writer of this encyclopedic information (quoted by us *verbatim*) had just indulged in saying that "the censure of extreme presumption can hardly be withheld from a writer who, in his youth, rejects all *established* opinions," such as Bible chronology we suppose. But the same writer passes without a word of comment and in prudent, if not reverential, silence, the cyclic years of Shem, as indeed he may!

Such is our century, so noisily, but happily for all preparing for its final leap into eternity. Of all past centuries, it is the most smilingly cruel, wicked, immoral, boastful and incongruous. It is the hybrid and unnatural production, the monstrous child of its parents—an honest mother called "mediæval superstition" and a dishonest, humbugging father, a profligate impostor, universally known as "modern civilization." This unpaired, odd team which now drags the car of progress through the triumphal arches of our civilization, suggests strange thoughts. Our Oriental turn of mind makes us think, as we gaze at this orthodox piety harnessed together with cool sneering materialism, of a fitting symbol for our century. We choose it in the colonial productions of European ethics (alas, *living* productions!) known as the *half-castes*. We fancy a coffee-coloured, oily face, looking insolently at the world through an eye-glass. A flat and woolly head, surmounted by a tall hat, enthroned on a pedestal of white-starched collar, shirt, and fashionable satin cravat. Leaning on the arm of this hybrid production, the flat swarthy visage of a mongrel beauty shines under a Parisian bonnet —a pyramid of gauze, gay ribands and plumes . . . . . .

Indeed, this combination of Asiatic flesh and European array is no more ludicrous than the bird's-eye view of the moral and intellectual amalgamation of ideas and views as now accepted. Mr. Huxley and the "Woman clothed with the Sun"; the Royal Society and the new prophet of Brighton, who lays letters "before the Lord" and has messages for us in reply "from Jehovah of Hosts"; who signs himself, unblushingly "King Solomon" on letters stamped with the heading, "Sanctuary of Jehovah" *(sic)*, and calls the "Mother"—(the said *Solar* "woman") "that accursed thing" and an *abomination.*

Yet their teachings are all authoritative and *orthodox*. Just

fancy Mr. Allen Grant trying to persuade General Booth that "life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water"; and "le brav' general" of England, arguing that this cannot be so, since this "cooled surface" was only called into being 4000 B. C.; thence, that his (Allen Grant's) "existing diversity of organic forms" was not in the least due, as his new book would make the unwary believe, "to the minute interaction of dynamical laws," but to the dust of the ground, from which "the Lord-God formed the beast of the field" and "every fowl of the air."

These two are the representatives of the goats and the sheep on the Day of Judgment, the Alpha and the Omega of orthodox and correct society in our century. The unfortunates squeezed on the neutral line between these two are steadily kicked and butted by both. *Emotionalism* and *conceit*—one, a nervous disease, the other that feeling which prompts us to swim with the current if we would not pass for retrograde fogeys or infidels—are the powerful weapons in the hands of our pious modern "sheep" and our learned "goats." How many swell the respective ranks merely owing to one or the other of these feelings, is known to their *Karma* alone . . . . .

Those who are not to be moved by either hysterical emotion or a holy fear of the multitudes and propriety; those, whom the voice of their conscience—"that still small voice" which, when heard, deafens the mighty roar of the Niagara Falls itself and will not permit them to lie to their own souls—remain outside. For these there is no hope in this departing age, and they may as well give up all expectation. *They are born out of due time.* Such is the terrible picture presented by our present cycle, now nearing its close, to those from whose eyes the scales of prejudice, preconception and partiality have fallen, and who see the truth that lies behind the deceptive appearances of our Western "civilization." But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness.

An infidel paper contains some optimistic words, the last prophecy by Victor Hugo, who is alleged to have said this:

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is neecssary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which consti-

tutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all, there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all, there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy IS ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realise that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

But if not, then the storm will burst, and our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded.

(The foregoing article was first published by Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1889.)

FRAGMENTS OF OCCULT TRUTH

(NO. 2 OF THE SERIES.)

MR. W. H. TERRY, F. T. S., of Melbourne, Australia, whose letter on "Spirits Embodied and Disembodied" called forth certain explanations published under the above heading in the October number of the THEOSOPHIST, finds our elucidation of the occult mysteries underlying the external facts of spiritualism, an unsatisfactory solution of the difficulties presented to the mind even by "the few instances of assumed spirit communication" which he originally presented for consideration. The letter in which he replies to our explanations is as follows:—

"In the THEOSOPHIST for October, in conjunction with my letter on 'Spirits Embodied and Disembodied,' appears an outline from your pen of Occult Philosophy intended as a reply to my strictures on the attitude of some Theosophists in relation to Spiritualism. The theory there propounded, although it may absolve the Occultist from inconsistency in the direction indicated by me, does not, in my opinion, satisfactorily explain even the few instances of assumed spirit communication quoted in my letter, but of that anon.

"I am desirous not only of arriving at 'Truth' myself, but of assisting

others in the same direction, and how can we better do this than by presenting the result of our experiences in search of it?

"Theosophy (as I understand it) is a knowledge of the secrets of nature acquired by intercourse with God; it is not to be assumed, however, that the latter expression implies direct communion with the Great Spirit of the Universe, but rather **rapport** with the higher spheres of spirit, the Great Vortex of Spiritual Knowledge.*

"The result of my experiences up to the present time has been to show that the Human Spirit not only retains its individuality and memory of all that is worth retaining of its earthly existence, but as it ascends by a series of progressive unfoldments to higher states of existence, knowing more of God and his works, it becomes a vehicle for the transmission of "God Knowledge" to its less favorably situated brethren in earth life.

"Now you say you **know** that the Occult theory is correct. I might, with equal justice, say I **know** that my theory is, because all my experiences so far confirm it; but it is only in this sense that I do know; further experience may modify or change my belief, for I am not so presumptuous as to imagine I have reached the **ultima thule** of knowledge in this direction. So far my position stands best, for as yet you have only unfolded a theory whilst I have given facts which, even were your theory substantiated, would not be entirely covered by it. I will not, however, analyze either the theory or the facts as most of the readers of the THEOSOPHIST who are familiar with the subject treated upon will be able to judge for themselves, but will add some further reasons why I am constrained to believe in the continuity of individuality and the preservation of the unity of soul and spirit after the dissolution of the more material physical body. First then during my early experiments my arm was influenced by what purported to be disembodied human spirits who wrote in handwritings different from my own and whose earthly autographs I had never seen. Moreover, I was generally alone when these writings were done. Yet when subsequently I was enabled to compare them with the autographs of the writer whose spirit professed to control my arm, they were found to be **facsimiles** of the automatic writing. Again for the past fifteen years an intelligence who professes to have existed on this earth in human form upwards of a century since, and who exhibits a distinct individuality, has conversed with me by magnetic impression, and occasionally orally through various media, has advised me on medical and other matters pertaining to the welfare of humanity, has comforted and consoled me in distress, and encouraged me in well-doing. He has been seen again and again by seers and seeresses who describe him as a fine, intelligent and benevolent-looking man. For the period I mention I have ever found him wise and truthful, and he endorses the spiritual theory of the continued personality of spirit and its progression from plane to plane as it increases in wisdom and purity, can it be wondered at that I should attach importance to, and have some faith in, this intelligence, a faith founded upon a substantial experience?

"You speak of the deterioration of mediums as a natural sequence of mediumship; in that I might almost say I know you err for I have had media whose whole natures have refined and beautified on the practice of their mediumship, but it is the wise use of it that leads to this result: excess of any good thing inverts its issue. I am quite aware of the tendency to deterioration in public media, especially those who are mediums for materialization and purely physical phenomena, but there are adequate causes to account for this within the spiritual philosophy, the first of which is the psychological influence of those who come to witness the phenomena with minds full of suspicion and animated with a desire to detect what they have in many instances decided beforehand to be a fraud; secondly, the influences from the spiritual side attracted by such conditions; thirdly, the more material nature of the lower order of spirits, which facilitates their manifesting in this direction; fourthly, the deterioration of moral tone that inevitably follows the decadence of the religious sentiment (which in many cases was the primary motor to the pursuit of mediumship) when its practice becomes purely a matter of business. Are not these causes adequate to account for the deterioration of tone and moral decadence of many media? Surrounding a medium of this class with good moral influences and so circumstancing him as to keep the selfish propensities in abeyance, will prevent all this. I have an instance in the person of Mr. George Sprigg who, for five years, has been a medium for materialization. During the year I have known him his health and intellect have undoubtedly improved rather than deteriorated and as far as a most intimate acquaintance will allow me to judge, his moral nature has not deteriorated one iota."

The main point on which our correspondent insists, is that he has had intercourse with a spirit himself and cannot, therefore, be talked out of a conviction that spirits exist. The teaching he has received by subjective impressions, and oral communications through other mediums,—(we say "other" because our correspon-

*We object to this definition. "Theosophy" means "divine" or God-Wisdom.—ED.

dent is clearly mediumistic himself, which accounts for the tenacity of his belief,)—constitute a substantial experience, which is fortified by the testimony of some seers who have perceived, in a shape visible to them, the individuality conversing with our correspondent and describe him as a being of a dignified appearance and apparently an elevated type of mind. "You say" writes our correspondent "you *know* the occult theory is correct; I might with equal justice say I *know* that my theory is." Here lies the all important difficulty. Who shall decide,—says the familiar proverb—when doctors disagree—that is to say, when people both professing to *know,* make statements that are incompatible with each other. (clearly in such a case one of the conflicting statements rests on a misconception of what constitutes *knowing* of what real knowledge consists). This question takes us up into an elevated region of metaphysics; but it is only by the light of metaphysics that we can possibly secure a sufficiently wide-reaching prospect of the questions to be dealt with, to feel sure we are not misled by the mere shows and seeming of its minor details.

What constitutes real knowledge? The question lies at the very threshold of occult study. We say so, not merely because of the prominent way in which it crops up in this discussion, but, because as a fact, having nothing to do with the questions now raised by Mr. Terry, nor with Spiritualism, nor with any controversies in the ordinary world, that query is, in actual practice, the first put before a regular student of occultism, who is taken in hand by the Professors of the Occult World. And the student is taught,—or led to see,—that there are two kinds of knowledge, the real and the unreal; the real concerned with eternal verities and primal causes, the unreal with illusory effects. So far the statement seems to deal with abstractions too vague to challenge denial. Each school of thinkers will admit so much, reserving to itself the assumption that the illusory effects are those considerations which have fascinated its rivals; the eternal verities its own conclusions. But we no sooner come to a clear understanding as to what mental presentiments must be classed as illusory effects, than we find the first proposition of Occult Philosophy at war with the whole current practice of the world at large, as regards all classes of scientific investigation. All physical science, and a good deal of what the Western world is pleased to call metaphysical speculation, rests on the crude and superficial belief that the only way in which ideas can get into the mind, is through the channels of the senses. The physicist devotes all his efforts to the careful elimination from the mass of materials on which he builds up his conclusions, of everything except that which he conceives to be real fact—and it is exactly that which he conceives to be real fact,—anything clearly appealing to the senses—which the profound philosophy of Eastern Occultism deliberately condemns at starting as, in its nature, illusory effects, transitory *secondary* consequences of the real underlying fact. And in acting thus, does Occult Philosophy make an arbitrary

choice between rival methods, as a chemist might select one or other of two different methods of analysis? Not at all. Real philosophy cannot make any choice arbitrarily: there is but one eternal verity and, in pursuit of that, thought is forced to travel along one road. The knowledge which appeals to the senses cannot but deal with illusory effects, for all the forms of this world and its material combinations are but pictures in the great dissolving view of evolution; there is no eternity in any of them. // By mere influence from physical facts, science, proceeding on its own methods, will recognize that there was a time in its history before any of the life germs on this earth (whatever they may be) had settled into the forms in which they manifest themselves now. Assuredly there will come a time when all these forms will disappear in the progress of cosmic change. What preceded them, provoking their evolution from fiery nebulæ, what traces will they leave behind? From nothing they came; into nothing they will return according to the doubly irrational reply which is the only logical inference from the physical philosophy which makes them the real facts,—the only basis of real knowledge.

Of course, it must be remembered that the unreal knowledge, proceeding from the observation of illusory, because transitory and secondary effects, hangs together satisfactorily as regards the short chain it is able to construct. This it is which leads so many, in many respects powerful, minds, to be blindly contented with it. Some of the laws of matter can be detected (if not understood) by mere observation of matter. But it is obvious that the something out of which matter proceeded, the something into which it will return, cannot be observed by material senses. In what other way can observation be extended beyond the range of material senses? Only if it can be so extended, is any knowledge attainable by Man which has to do with eternal verities and primal causes, which is real as distinguished from the transitory and the unreal? Promptly, in ignorance of the methods by which observation can be extended beyond the range of the senses, the physicist declares,—concerning the hypothetical eternal verities you can only dream and indulge in illusory conjecture—all mere brain-spun fancy. Thus the world at large, not content with hugging illusions and calling them realities, spurns the reality and denounces it as illusion.

But can the eternal verity be reached? Even if hard facts be acknowledged as illusion so far as they are transitory, is not that which is exempt from change removed from observation? Must we not follow up the theoretical admission of the possibility of real knowledge, by the practical admission that no human being can ever have anything to do with it? // Now the consistent materialist who honestly believes that a man is simply a structure of gas, phosphates, &c., functioning within itself entirely, would have to be answered by reference to facts which it is unnecessary to rehearse in dealing with controversialists who recognize at all events that the living body includes a spiritual principle, and that the spiritual prin-

ciple is capable of a life apart from the body when the body itself is dead. There can be no difficulty for a spiritualist in the way of the conception that if the spirit of a man lives, observes, thinks, and communicates its impressions, after the body is burned or buried, so under peculiar conditions, that same spirit, *may* separate itself from the body temporarily during life and may thus get into such relation with the world of spirit, as to take direct cognizance of its phenomena. Now it is quite clear that relatively to our own, at all events, such a world is a world of eternal verities. We know that *this* world is fleeting and transitory. It is readily conceivable, and all analogies suggest the conclusion, which every sort of spiritual statement confirms, that the world of spirit is more durable. So, as that knowledge is real which lasts, and that is unreal which passes away, the spirit of man which comes into direct and conscious relations with the world of spirit acquires the real knowledge,* the spirit of man which lives imprisoned in the body and is merely led through the senses with crumbs of knowledge, possesses the unreal only.

But when the imprisoned spirit does not itself rise into direct relations with the world of spirit, but is visited by an emanation from the world of spirit,—or by a *spirit,* (to work with the spiritualistic hypothesis for a moment,) is it entitled to assume that it is coming into possession of real knowledge? Certainly not; for though discussing spiritual things, it is acquiring its knowledge in no way which essentially differs from the method by which mere knowledge of the purely physical sort, knowledge of illusory effects is acquired. The spiritualist, even when himself a medium sitting in receipt of communications, is taking in knowledge just as unreal, just as untrustworthy, and liable to be distorted by an erroneous observation as that which is dealt with by the wholly unspiritual observer of matter. This is the point we have been leading up to and is our reply to Mr. Terry's contention that when we say we *know* the occult theory is correct, he might with equal justice say he *knows* his theory is. It was a very natural thing for him to say, but, in reality, he is entirely unjustified in saying it. He is not in a position to trust to his own observation. Will the reader please refrain even for an instant from imagining that the form of our argument rests in any sort of way on an arrogant personal claim set up in opposition to that of our correspondent? It is enough for us to know at second hand, that the theory set forth in our preceding article is correct. There *are* those who know, of real personal knowledge, and they are living men who can communicate their knowledge to other living men, who, in receiving it, however commonplace themselves, are not subject to fall into the mistakes which ordinary men may clearly be liable to make when they attempt to take their teaching from the "spirit world" direct.

*As in the case, say—of an initiated adept—who brings back upon earth with him the clear and distinct recollection—correct to a detail—of facts gathered, and the information obtained in the invisible sphere of **Realities**.—ED.

Who possess the real knowledge as contradistinguished from the unreal?—the student of Occultism is asked, and he is taught to reply—that which we have shown to be the only possible reply—"the adepts alone possess the real knowledge, their minds alone *being en rapport* with the universal mind." Now it is the teaching of the adepts† that Spiritualists,—in ninety-nine cases of a hundred—are mistaken when they think themselves in contact with the spirits of departed friends, or with such benevolent beings of another sphere as him with whom our present correspondent believes himself to converse; and to us, who know something of who, and what, the adepts are, that is conclusive as to the fact. But the fact being so, every conception of Spiritualism which conflicts with it must be explainable—every incident of Spiritualism must be susceptible to transfer to some group of phenomena which can be shown to be something different from what Spiritualists imagine it. While the phenomena of Spiritualism are thrown off in all directions so freely, it is nearly impossible to follow them up in every case and, as regards the general subject, it is best to try and explain, as we sought to do in the last of these articles, why the phenomena of Spiritualism *cannot be* what Spiritualists think them, rather than why each in turn is actually something else. But it is only due to our correspondent whose letters have furnished the text of this occult sermon, that the special incidents he quotes should be discussed in detail. First then as regards the automatic writing of which Mr. Terry speaks:— We need not go further than the personal experience of the Editor of this magazine to show Mr. Terry that the production through a medium's arm of handwriting, the *facsimile* of that produced in life by an alleged spirit, is no proof of the alleged spirit's identity at all,—nor even of its *individuality*. A certain Russian lady who was afflicted or gifted (whichever way the reader likes to put it) with mediumship in her youth was "controlled" for about six years by a "spirit" who came evening after evening and wrote reams through the child's arm in the usual automatic way. The spirit professed to be that of an old lady who had lived in a part of Russia far away from that in which she was then manifesting herself. She gave many details of her life and family and told how her son had committed suicide. Sometimes the son came himself (in spirit) and controlled the little medium's arm and gave long accounts of his remorse and sufferings consequent on the crime of self-murder. The old lady was eloquent on the subject of Heaven and its inhabitants, including the Virgin Mary. Needless to say that she was garrulous concerning the circumstances of her own death, and the interesting ceremony of the

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†Those real, genuine adepts who neither thrust themselves upon the public notice, nor do they invite us at the top of their voices: "Come all ye, poor, ignorant fools, come to me . . . come to learn from me **who has nothing more to learn** since he has made himself omniscient—how to reach 'Christ-State' and Buddha-State . . ."—Our adepts compare themselves neither with Christ nor Buddha; not even with Ammonius Sakka—the THEODIDAKTOS or the "God-Taught" Seer; but they may be all that combined, and much more, since they are **a body of men**—not one isolated, **self**-taught individual.—ED.

last sacrament. But she also wrote of worldly matters. She gave a detailed account of a petition she had presented to the Emperor Nicholas and the text of it, *verbatim*. She wrote partly in Russian, partly in German, which the child-medium at the time knew very slightly. Eventually one of the young lady's relatives went to the place where the spirit had lived. Yes: she was well remembered; she had been troubled by a dissolute son who committed suicide; she had gone away to Norway, where, it was believed, she had died, &c., &c. All the automatic communications were verified, in short, and the petition was turned up in the archives of the Home Office at St. Petersburg. The handwriting was perfectly reproduced. Now what better identification could a spirit have? Would not Mr. Terry on such an experience say—"I *know* that the spirits of dead persons can communicate and prove their continued individuality"? A year after the identification of the deceased person at the place where she had lived and of the petition, &c., there came to T * * *, where the young medium and her people were living, an officer who proved out to be the nephew of the "Spirit." He chanced to show the child a miniature. She recognized it as that of the spirit. Explanations ensued and it turned out that Madam —— the officer's aunt, was not dead at all; nor was her son. In all other respects the mediumistic communications were perfectly well substantiated. The son had attempted to commit suicide, but the bullet with which he had shot himself had been extracted, and his life had been saved.

Now, without going further, this story as a mere statement of facts, is enough to answer Mr. Terry's story about automatic writing through him. It shows that without the instrumentality of any deceased person's "spirit" at all, automatic writing attributed by spiritualists to the agency of such spirits may take place; therefore, that no weight can be attached to the experiences on which Mr. Terry partly relies, when he says or implies that he *knows* his theory is correct. But we may go somewhat further and endeavor to account for the Russian story at any rate by the occult "hypothesis," as some of our readers will no doubt regard it. Who, or what was the intelligence writing through the hand of the Russian child-medium? The Devil?—as the priests of the Greek Church contended; some lying spirit?—as the spiritualists might suggest; the elementaries?—as some readers of occult literature might conceive. No; it was the fifth principle of the medium herself, her animal, or physical soul, the portion of the Universal PROTEUS, and it acted as the soul of the clairvoyant acts during the sleep of the body. The officer who ultimately visited T . . . . . and showed the miniature, had been acquainted with the family seevral years previously. The medium had seen the picture when quite a young child, but had forgotten it utterly. She had also played with various things that had belonged to Madame —— and had been in her nephew's possession.

Preserving faithfully the memory of all it saw and heard in the "Astral Light," or in the "Soul of Things" (many readers will

no doubt, comprehend the allusion here to the book of that name) while playing with the miniature and other trifles, the young medium's inner-self, years afterwards, owing to some associations of memory, began one day unconsciously reproducing these pictures. Little by little the inner-self, or fifth principle, was drawn into the current of those personal or individual associations, and Madam ——'s emanations, and once the mediumistic impulse given—*bon voyage*—nothing would arrest its progress. The facts accurately observed by the "Flying Soul" were inextricably mixed up with pure fancy derived from the teaching to which the medium had been subjected, and hence the account of Heaven and the Virgin Mary.

Mutatis mutandis a similar explanation would, in all probability, meet the case not merely of the automatic writing, of which Mr. Terry speaks, but also of the guiding or protecting spirit, who mentally impresses him, and has been seen by seers and seeresses. That the teaching of this intelligence confirms the spiritualistic doctrine of progression from place to place and so forth, is strongly an indication of its real emanation from Mr. Terry's own mind and the fact that the supposed spirit has been seen by clairvoyant mediums cannot be taken as proof of its objective existence. The pictures in the astral light present all the appearance of reality to those who can discern them, and Madam ——'s appearance was as real to our medium in T . . . as that of any spirit ever materialized in the wonderful séance-room of the Eddy Brothers in America, though the good lady herself all the while was quietly attending to her knitting with the breadth of Europe between her and the family circle which she had unconsciously entered as a spectral guest.

The difficulty of distinguishing between the creations of the seer's brain and spectral or spiritual phenomena really external to himself,* appears to be the cause of the confusion into which untrained, uninitiated observers fall when natural mediumistic gifts enable them to cross the threshold of the world of spirit and awake to a perception of the wonders hanging like an *aura* around the physical planet. From Socrates to Swedenborg, from Swedenborg to the latest clairvoyant, no *uninitiated* seer ever saw quite correctly. But whatever confusing influences have been brought to bear on natural seers of past times, none have been beset with the artificial bewilderments that operate to cloud the faculties of the modern spiritualistic medium. A great mass of prepossessions occupy his mind at starting; every observation he makes, is twisted into the mould of an elaborate predetermined theory, and every picture presented to his finer senses is distorted to suit the expectations of his fancy and coloured to the complexion of a previously formulated

*The few exceptional cases of genuine spirit-communications will be treated of, in one of the future parts of "Fragments"—as the greatest attention and caution must be bestowed upon the subject to avoid every possible misunderstanding. Before we rebuild a house we have to pull down the old structure. We know that we shall displease many and receive no thanks for it. But it cannot be helped. The Spiritualists having insisted upon having our opinion, we must be left to proceed systematically.—ED

creed. The spiritualist may honestly believe himself a seeker after truth, but the spiritualist, who is himself in any degree a medium, is fascinated by the creations of his faith and borne away on an induced current into a phantasmagorial world peopled with his own imaginings. Their apparent reality confirms the conjectures from which they spring, and all suggestions which claim a reconsideration of their character seem almost blasphemy to their eager devotee. But to the student of occult philosophy there is a grander beauty in the consistent teaching of adeptship, than in the startling excitement of mediumistic revelation, while over it all there shines, for him, the solemn light of absolute truthfulness. Mediumship may afford sudden glimpses of unsuspected wonder,—as bits of a strange landscape may be momentarily revealed by lightning, but the science of adeptship casts the steady light of day upon the whole scene. Surely the spiritualists, who have at least shot leagues ahead, in intelligence, of the mere materialistic moles of their purblind generation,—insofar as they recognize that there *is* a landscape to be seen if it can only be lighted up,—will not deliberately prefer to guess at its features by the help of occasional flashes from the fitful planes of mediumship, but will accept the aid of that nobler illumination which the elevated genius and untiring exertion of Occult Sages of the East have provided for those whose spiritual intentions enable them to appreciate its sublimity, and confide their aspirations to its guidance.

(The foregoing article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for March, 1882.)

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

(Continued from January Number.)

Salutation to the Prowess of Krishna! May it be with us in the fight, strengthening our hearts that they faint not in the gloomy night that follows in the path of the day.

THE FIRST ABYSS.

THE first chapter is ended. In one aspect, the Bhagavad-Gita is a personal book. It is for each man; and it is in that way we have so far considered it. Some have called it obscure, and others a book which deals solely with the great principles of nature; with only great questions of cosmogony; with difficult and bewildering questions relating to the first cause; and still others think it is contradictory and vague. But this first scene in the great colloquy is plain. It has the din of arms, the movement of battalions and the disposition of forces with their generals. No one need feel any hesitation now, for we are face to face with our-

selves. The weak man, or he who does not care for Truth no matter where it leads, had better shut the book now. Unless he can go on reading the poem with the fixed intention of applying it to himself, it will do him no good whatever. He may say, however, that he will read it for what it may seem to contain, but if he reads to the end of time and does not fairly regard this first lecture, his knowledge gained further on will be no knowledge. It is indeed the book of the great mystery; but that problem was never solved *for* anyone; it must be settled and solved *by* each one *for himself*. No doubt it was for this reason that Vyasa, to whom the poem is attributed, placed this conflict, in which the principal characters are Arjuna and Krishna, at the outset. It would have been easier to have made them sit down for a philosophical discourse beforehand in which reasons *pro* and *con* regarding any battle would be discussed, and then, after all that was done, to show us Arjuna, encouraged and equipped, entering upon the war sure of victory because he had spent much time in dispelling his doubts. But instead of doing this he pictures the impetuous Arjuna precipitating the battle before he had considered whom it was he had to fight.

It does not appear in the Bhagavad-Gita, that Krishna had induced Arjuna, as was the case, to make the war for the purpose of regaining his kingdom. While stirring him up to it Krishna had wisely refrained from telling that which Arjuna finds out on the first day, that he had to oppose all these friends, kinsmen and preceptors It was a wise reticence. If we completely apprehended the enormous power of our passions and various tendencies, most of us would throw up the fight in advance; for nothing would persuade us that any power within could withstand against such overwhelming odds. For us then the incitement to fight is found, not so much in any conversation that we hold now with Krishna, but in the impulses which are carried across, again and again, from incarnation to incarnation.

We take up the gage over and over, life after life, in experience after experience, never completely defeated if we always look to Krishna—our Higher Self. And in the tale of Arjuna we find this also. For in a succeeding book called "Anugita," is an account of the hero walking with Krishna through the Palace of Maya. The battle over, for the time, Arjuna tells his friend that he has really forgotten much that he had told him (in Bhagavad-Gita) and asks for a succinct repetition. This is given to him by the great warrior.

The palace of Maya is this body of illusion, built up around us by desire. In our last births we had all the advice given in this poem, and walking to-day through the palace, which sometimes seems so lovely, we now and then have reminiscences from the past: sometimes we stoutly take up the fight: but surely, if we have listened to the Guide aright we will compel ourselves at last to carry it out until finished.

In coming to the conclusion of this first chapter, we reach the

first abyss. It is not the great abyss, albeit it may seem to us, in our experience, to be the greatest. We are now *vis-a-vis* with our own despair, and doubt his companion. Many a student of Theosophy has in our own sight reached this point—all true students do. Like a little child who first ventures from the parent's side, we are affrighted at what seems new to us, and dropping our weapons attempt to get away; but, in the pursuit of Theosophy it is not possible to go back,

Because the abyss is behind us.

There is in nature a law that operates in every department whether moral or physical, and which may now be called that of undulation and then that of inhibition; while at other times it reappears as vibration, and still again as attraction and repulsion, but all these changes are only apparent because at bottom it is the same. Among vegetables it causes the sap to flow up the tree in one way and will not permit it to return in the same direction. In our own blood circulation we find the blood propelled from the heart, and that nature has provided little valves which will not permit it to return to the heart by the way it came, but by the way provided. Medical and anatomical science are not quite sure what it is that causes the blood to pass these valves; whether it is pressure from behind communicated by the heart or the pressure by atmosphere from without which gently squeezes, as it were, the blood upon its way. But the Occultist does not find himself limited by these empirical deductions. He goes at once to the center and declares that the impulse *is* from the heart and that that organ receives its impulse from the great astral heart or the Akasa, which has been said by all mystics to have a double motion, or alternate vibration—the systole and diastole of nature.

So in this sense the valve in the circulation represents the abyss behind us that we cannot repass. We are in the great general circulation, and compelled whether we like it or not to obey its forward impulse. This place of dejection of Arjuna is also the same thing as is mentioned in *"Light on the Path"* as the silence after the storm. In tropical countries this silence is very apparent. After the storm has burst and passed, there is a quietness when the earth and the trees seem to have momentarily ceased making their familiar, manifold noises. They are obeying the general law and beginning the process of assimilation.

And in the astral world it is just the same. When one enters there for the first time, a great silence falls, during which the regulated soul is imbibing its surroundings and becoming accustomed to them. It says nothing but waits quietly until it has become in vibration precisely the same as the plane in which it is; when that is accomplished then it can speak properly, make itself understood, and likewise understand. But the unregulated soul flies to that plane of the astral world in a disturbed state, hurries to speak before it is able to do so intelligibly and as a consequence is not understood, while it increases its own confusion and makes it less

likely that it will soon come to understand. In the Theosophical Society, as well as out of it, we can see the same thing. People are attracted to the astral plane; they hear of its wonders and astonishments and like a child with a new toy in sight they hurry to grasp it. They refuse to learn its philosophy because that seems dry and difficult. So they plunge in, and as Murdhna Joti said in a former article in this magazine they then "swim in it and cut capers like a boy in a pool of water."

But for the earnest student and true disciple, the matter is serious. He has vowed to have the truth at whatever cost, willing to go wherever she leads—even if it be to death.

So Krishna, having got Arjuna to where the battle has really begun, where retreat is not possible, begins to tell his loved disciple and friend what is the philosophy that underlies it all and without which success cannot be compassed.

We should not fail to observe at this point, that when Arjuna threw down his bow and arrows, the flying of missiles had already begun. We cannot say that when the philosophical discourse began between these two the opposing forces declared a truce until the mighty heroes should give the signal, because there is nowhere any verse that would authorize it, and we also can read in the accompanying books that all the paraphernalia of war had been brought onto the field and that the enemy would not desist, no matter what Arjuna might do. Now there is a meaning here, which is also a part of the great abyss the son of Pandu saw behind him, and which every one of us also sees.

We enter upon this great path of action in occultism mentally disposed toward final victory. This mental attitude instantly throws all the parts of our being into agitation, during which the tendencies which are by nature antipathetic to each other separate and range themselves upon opposite sides. This creates great distress, with oftentimes wandering of the mind, and adds additional terror to our dark despair. We may then sink down and declare that we will fly to a forest—or as they did once in Europe, to a monastery—so as to get away from what seems to be unfavorable ground for a conflict. But we have evoked a force in nature and set up a current and vibration which *will go on* no matter what we do. This is the meaning of the "flying of arrows" even when Arjuna sat down on the bench of his chariot.

At this point of our progress we should *examine our motive and desire.*

It has been said in some Theosophical writings of the present day, that a "spiritualized will" ought to be cultivated. As terms are of the highest importance we ought to be careful how we use them, for in the inner life they represent either genuine, regulated forces, or useless and abortive things that lead to nothing but confusion. This term "spiritualized will" leads to error, because in fact it has no existence. The mistake has grown out of the constant dwelling on "will" and "forces" needed for the production of phe-

nomena, as something the disciple should strive to obtain—whether so confessed or not—while the real motive power is lost sight of. It is very essential that we should clearly understand this, for if we make the blunder of attributing to *will* or to any other faculty an action which it does not have, or of placing it in a plane to which it does not belong, we at once remove ourselves far from the real knowledge, since all action on this plane is by mind alone.

The old Hermetic statement is: *"Behind will stands desire,"* and it is true.

Will is a pure, colorless force which is moved into action by *desire*. If desire does not give a direction the will is motionless; and just as desire indicates, so the will proceeds to execute.

But as there are countless wills of sentient beings constantly plying to and fro in our sphere, and must be at all times in some manner acting upon one another, the question arises, what is that sort of knowledge, which shows how to use the will so the effect of counteracting wills may not be felt. That knowledge is lost among the generality of men and is only instinctive here and there in the world as a matter of Karmic result, giving us examples of men whose will seems to lead them on to success, as Jay Gould and others.

Furthermore, men of the world are not desiring to see results which shall be in accord with the general will of nature, because they are wanting this and that for their own benefit. Their desire, then, no matter how strong, is limited or nullified: (1) by lack of knowledge of how to counteract other wills; (2) by being in opposition to the general will of nature without the other power of being able to act strongly in opposition to that too.

So it follows—as we see in practice in life—*that men obtain only a portion of that which they desire*.

The question next arises: Can a man go against the general will of nature and escape destruction, and also be able to desire wickedly with knowledge, and accomplish, through will, what he wishes? Such a man can do all these—except to escape destruction. That is sure to come, no matter at how remote a period.

He acquires extraordinary knowledge, enabling him to use powers for selfish purposes during immense periods of life, but at last the insidious effects of the opposition to the general true will makes itself felt and he is destroyed forever.

This fact is the origin of the destruction-of-world-myths, and of those myths of combats such as between Krishna and Ravana, the demon god, and between Durga and the demons.

For in other ages, as is to again occur in ages to come, these wickedly desiring people, having great knowledge, increase to an enormous extent and threaten the stability of the world. Then the adherents of the good law can not longer quietly work on humanity, but come out in force, and a fight ensues in which the black magicians are always destroyed, because the good Adepts possess not only equal knowledge with the bad ones, but have in addition

the great assistance of the general will of nature which is not in control of the others, and so it is inevitable that the good should triumph always. This assistance is also the heritage of every true student, and may be invoked by the real disciple when he has arrived at and passed the first abyss.

"And when the great King of Glory saw the Heavenly Treasure of the Wheel, he sprinkled it with water and said: 'Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel! O my Lord, go forth and overcome!' "

WILLIAM BREHON.

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THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

A LITTLE TALE OF KARMA.

I.

HE was the son of a small ruler in Rajpootana. His father, of the warrior caste, governed a district including several villages as well as his own small town with justice and wisdom, so that all were prosperous and happy. The ruler was called a Rajah; he lived in a building made of stone, built on a hill that commanded the town. The son, of whom this tale tells, was born after the Rajah had been many years childless, and was the only child to whom the father's honors and power could descend. He was named Rama after the great Avatar. From the time he was born and until he could speak, a strange look was always to be seen in his baby eyes; a look that gazed at you without flinching, bold, calculating, as if he had some design on you; and yet at times it seemed to show that he was laughing at himself, sorry, too, melancholy at times. Rama grew up and delighted his father with his goodness and strength of mind. The strange glance of his eye as a baby remained with him, so that while every one loved him, they all felt also a singular respect that was sometimes awe. His studies were completed, a first short pilgrimage to a celebrated shrine had been made very early by his own request, and he began to take part in the administration of the affairs of the old and now feeble rajah. Each day he retired to his room alone; no one was permitted to come within three rooms of his; and on the fourteenth of the month he spent the entire day in retirement. Let us go with him in fancy to one of these monthly retreats and listen with his consent.

II.

The room is an ordinary Hindu room. Hard chunam floor, the bed rolled up in the corner, on the walls one or two flat metal plaques inlaid with enamel and representing different gods and heroes. He enters and goes up to the wall in front of one of these plaques—Krishna. The strange look in his eyes grows deeper, stronger, and a stream of light seems to rush from them to the object on the wall. His lips move.

"Atmanam, atmana—" he seems to say; the rest is murmured so low we cannot hear it. The words are in his own dialect, but in the mind of the hearer they translate themselves. He says:

"This weight upon my heart is not from this life. I have known no sorrow, have lost no object that I loved. My ambitions are fulfilled; the present is bright, the future shows no shadow. When, O Krishna, shall I know that which I now know not, nor what it is that I long to learn? Yet even now a ray of hope steals into my soul."

Just as he uttered the last words a ringing sound came from the metal plaque and Rama gazed steadily at it. The plaque vibrated, and a subtle scent spread from it over the whole room. The air seemed to vibrate slowly, undulatingly, and then a dazzling shape of a young man seemed to form itself upon the floor, while the vibration centered in the form and the scent turned into light. Rama looked steadily at this being who stood there erect and terrifying, yet calm and strong with peace all about it. It was the calmness and power of it that terrified. As Rama looked it spoke:

"Do you forget the Upanishad, 'Two birds sit in one tree; the one eats the fruit and the other looks on'?"

"No," said Rama, "I forget not. They are the personal and universal. The one who looks on is my Higher self—Atman."

"I am thy higher self. I come to tell thee of three words. Forget them not, forget not me. They are: Action, Law, the fruit of action."

"These," said Rama, "I have heard. Action and Law I know, but the fruit of action, is it that which eats within?"

The form of beauty replied: "It is the ignorance of it that hurts thee. Thou art bound in thy future. This present birth of thine is to allow thee to make the Karma for thy next birth better in the end, but which will be ever dark and painful if not now ameliorated. In this present is thy future. Potential now lies the effect in what cause you make."

Then with one straight arrow-like glance into the face of Rama, the form faded, and the plaque rang a note of farewell. Across the wall there seemed to pass a picture of poverty and riches, of huts and buildings of stone. Rama left the room the next day, and never after seemed to sorrow or to be annoyed. His old father died, and he carried on the government for many years, scattering blessings in every direction, until a rival rajah came and demanded

all his possessions, showing a claim to them through a forgotten branch of the family. Instead of rejecting the claim, which was just, instead of slaying the rival as he could have done, Rama resigned all, retired to the forest, and died after a few years of austerity.

III.

The wheel of time rolled on and Rama was reborn in a town governed by the Rajah who had once in a former life demanded Rama's possessions. But now Rama was poor, unknown, an outcaste, a chandalah who swept up garbage and hoped that Karma might help him. He knew not that he was Rama; he only swept the garbage near the Rajah's palace.

A solemn audience was held by the Rajah with all the priests and the soothsayers present. Troubled by a dream of the night before, the superstitious ruler called them in to interpret, to state causes learnedly, to prescribe scriptural palliative measures. He had dreamed that while walking in his garden, hearing from his treasurer an account of his increasing wealth, a huge stone building seemed suddenly to grow up before him. As he stopped amazed, it toppled over and seemed to bury him and his wealth. Three times repeated, this filled him with fear.

The astrologers retired and consulted their books. The remedy was plain, one suggested. "Let the King give up a vast sum of money to-morrow to the first person he sees after waking up." This decision was accepted, and the proposer of it intended to be on hand early so as to claim the money. The Rajah agreed to the direction of the stars, and retired for the night, full of his resolution to give immense gifts next day. No horrid dreams disturbed his sleep. The winking stars moved over the vault of heaven, and of all the hosts the moon seemed to smile upon the city as if being near she heard and knew all. The cold early morning, dark with promise of dawn, saw the chandalah—once Rama—sweeping up the garbage near the palace where inside the Rajah was just awaking. The last star in heaven seemed to halt as if anxious that Rama should come in his sweeping to the side of the palace from which the Rajah's window opened. Slowly the chandalah crept around in his task, slowly, surely. Slowly the Rajah's waking senses returned, and as they came a hideous memory of his dream flashed on him. Starting up from the mat on which he lay, he rose and seemed to think.

"What was I to do? Yes, give gifts. But it is not yet day. Still the oracle said 'immediately on awakening'."

As he hesitated the poor garbage sweeper outside came more nearly in front of his window. The setting star almost seemed to throw a beam through the wall that struck and pushed him to the window. Flinging open the shutter to get breath, he looked down, and there before him was a poor chandalah with waistcloth and no turban, sweating with exertion, hastening on with the task that when

finished would leave the great Rajah's grounds clean and ready for their lord.

"Thank the gods", said the Rajah, "it is fate; a just decision; to the poor and the pious should gifts be given."

At an early hour he gathered his ministers and priests together and said—

"I give gifts to the devas through the poor; I redeem my vow. Call the chandalah who early this morn swept the ground."

Rama was called and thought it was for prison or death. But the Rajah amazed him with a gift of many thousands of rupees, and as the chandalah, now rich, passed out, he thought he smelt a strange familiar odor and saw a dazzling form flash by. "This," thought he, "is a deva."

The money made Rama rich. He established himself and invited learned Brahmins to teach others; he distributed alms, and one day he caused a huge building of stone to be built with broken stone chains on its sides to represent how fate ruptured his chains. And later on a wise seer, a Brahmin of many austerities, looking into his life, told him briefly,

"Next life thou art free. Thy name is Rama."

BRYAN KINNAVAN.

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ARGUMENT FOR REINCARNATION

IT has been suggested to the PATH that theosophists jot down as they occur any arguments hit upon to support the doctrine of reincarnation. One furnishes this: That the persistency of individual character and attitude of mind seems a strong argument; and adduces the fact that when he was a youth thirty years ago he wrote a letter to himself upon questions about God, nature, and the inner man, and finds now upon re-reading it that it almost exactly expresses his present attitude. Also he thinks that the inner character of each shows itself in early youth, persisting through life; and as each character is different there must have been reincarnation to account for the differences. And that the assertion that differences in character are due to heredity seems to be disposed of by the persistency of essential character, even if, as we know to be the case, scientists did not begin to deny the sufficiency of heredity to account for our differences.

Another writes: If heredity would account for that which, existing in our life, makes us feel that we have lived before, then the breeding of dogs and horses would show similar great differences

as are observed in men. But a high-bred slut will bring forth a litter of pups by a father of equal breed, all exhibiting one character, whereas in the very highest bred families among men it is well known that the children will differ from each other so much that we cannot rely upon the result. Then again, considering the objections raised on grounds of heredity, it should not be forgotten that but small attention has been paid to those cases where heredity will not give the explanation.

Inherent differences of character. The great differences in capacity seem to call for reincarnation as the explanation. Notice that the savages have the same brains and bodies as ours, yet not the same character or intelligence; they seem to be unprogressed egos who are unable to make the machine of brain to respond to its highest limit.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Path 6-78

THE death of H. P. Blavatsky should have the effect on the Society of making the work go on with increased vigor free from all personalities. The movement was not started for the glory of any person, but for the elevation of Mankind. The organization is not affected as such by her death for her official positions were those of Corresponding Secretary and President of the European Section. The Constitution has long provided that after her death the office of Corresponding Secretary should not be filled. The vacancy in the European Section will be filled by election in that Section, as that is matter with which only the European Branches have to deal. She held no position in the exoteric American Section, and had no jurisdiction over it in any way. Hence there is no vacancy to fill and no disturbance to be felt in the purely corporate part of the American work. The work here is going on as it always has done, under the efforts of its members who now will draw their inspiration from the books and works of H. P. B. and from the purity of their own motive.

All that the Society needs now to make it the great power it was intended to be is first, *solidarity,* and second, *Theosophical education.* These are wholly in the hands of its members. The first gives that resistless strength which is found only in Union, the second gives that judgment and wisdom needed to properly direct energy and zeal.

Read these words from H. P. Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy:*

"If the present attempt in the form of our Society succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living, and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent, at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and **united** body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization awaiting his arrival which will remove the merely mechanical material obstacles and difficulties from his path. Think how much one to whom such an opportunity is given could accomplish. Measure it by comparison with what the Theosophical Society actually **has** achieved in the last fourteen years without **any** of these advantages and surrounded by hosts of hindrances which would not hamper the new leader. Consider all this and then tell me whether I am too sanguine when I say that, if the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulse, through the next hundred years —tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that this earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now!"

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

(The foregoing article was first printed by Mr. Judge in *The Path,* for June, 1891.) Vol. 6 - 78

ON THE LOOKOUT

Professor Larkin writing in the San Francisco Examiner says that he has been answering questions about Atlantis for the last forty years, but never before has he received so many enquiries as at the present time. There seem, he says, to be two currents of activity in the world, and while one of them is becoming more idiotic day by day the other is showing an increasing care and thoughtfulness in worthy mental pursuits.

Professor Larkin has no doubt that such a continent as Atlantis once existed. He has never seen any reason to disbelieve the account given by Plato or to join in the senseless attempt to decry a description so obviously based upon fact and reason. He says:

> To me, then, it is a set, fixed and rigid truth that there was once a great continent west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) and east of Cuba. And to me it is now and ever has been a set, fixed and rock-hewn truth that the Atlanteans at their highest were higher than we are now in every physical science. And immensely more advanced in the stupendous science of Mentonomy, the law of the mind. They were not only within this mind maze, but they knew the entrance, every winding way, lane, path, corridor, chamber, passageway, room, adytum and exit.

The learned professor sometimes allows his vocabulary to run away with him but in the main his conclusions are in line with the teachings of Esotericism. Indeed we may suspect that he has been reading the **Secret Doctrine,** although his scientific eminence prevents him from saying so, for nowhere but in the **Secret Doctrine** are we told that the Atlanteans were masters of the science of the mind and that the misuse of their knowledge led to their destruction, as the misuse of knowledge leads always to calamity.

But Professor Larkin has something of particular interest to tell us and it is something that we do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

He tells us that when Dr. Schliemann was excavating the site of Troy—and the existence of Troy was denied with the same arrogant energy as the stories of Atlantis—he found in the treasure house of Priam a beautifully wrought bronze of a design and shape hitherto unknown in Mediterranean countries and this wonderful vase bore an inscription "From King Chronos of Atlantis." It was the first time that the word Atlantis had been found and Plato was confirmed at least so far as the name of the continent was concerned. Ten years later we are told that Schliemann was in the Louvre in Paris and there he discovered a mate to the vase that he had found amid the ruins of Troy but it came from the ruined temple of Tiahuanca in Central America. And the contents of both vases were identical—little figures, pottery, bone ornaments and the like.

Schliemann, it seems, left instructions for the investigation of the ruins of the temple of Sais in Egypt in order that search might be made for confirmatory evidence of the Platonic story, and it will be remembered that it was a priest of Sais from whom Plato received his information. And finally we have the testamentary document left by Schliemann and in which he says: "I have come to the conclusion that Atlantis was not only a great territory between America and the west coast of Africa, but the cradle of all our civilization as well."

Now there is no space here for a recapitulation of the teachings of the **Secret Doctrine** in relation to Atlantis. They are too numerous and too elaborate for consideration. The student is recommended to read them for himself as well as the many predictions made by the author to the effect that the truth would ultimately be known and admitted. A quarter of a century ago there were only a few enthusiasts like Donelly, who maintained the truth of a Platonic story then universally and aggressively derided alike by science, archaeology and religion. Today it is neither denied nor even seriously questioned.

And while upon the subject of the vanished continents so graphically and voluminously described in the **Secret Doctrine** it may be well to notice the discoveries that have been made by Professor Macmillan Brown among the coral islets that constitute the Caroline Archipelago. Some mention has already been made of these discoveries but it is only within the last few days that an authentic report has been communicated to the New York Evening Post. A few paragraphs may be quoted:

> One of the most sotheasterly of the islands of the Caroline group is named Ponape (Ponnopy) and on its southeasterly shores are the ruins of what was once a great city. To-day they stand bare to the sky, the roofs gone, if the houses ever had roofs. There are massive temples with presumed sacrificial pillars intact. The canal-like streets are still navigable and there are breastworks still facing the ocean.

These ruins, we are told, are more impressive than Cuzco, Stonehenge, Avebury or Carnac. They cover an area of several square miles and Professor Brown is inclined to believe that even the subsoil upon which they stand is artificial.

> Breastworks of stone, some of the stones twenty-four feet in length and several feet in diameter were raised on the reef and filled in with coral debris to serve as a breakwater and retaining wall. Reared on these rise the walls of buildings whose character and uses can only be guessed at. Two of them are temple like. One of these had double walls. One outer wall is ten feet thick, still thirty feet high, though now obviously truncated, and more than 130 feet in girth, and it surrounds an outer court yard. At a distance of from thirty to thirty-five feet a second wall, about six feet thick, surrounds the inner courtyard and encloses what is conjectured to be an altar tomb. A terrace or dais, ten or twelve feet broad, runs around the inside of the outer wall and around the outside of the inner wall. Great monolithic steps lead up to the outer courtyard of the temple, and at the base of them are six basaltic columns standing on end.

The report goes on to say that there is only one solution of the mystery. We must assume that the vast area of about three million square miles now covered by the scattered group of the Carolines must once have been covered by a mighty oceanic empire thus occupying the centre of the Pacific and now lying sunk beneath the waves.

The whole story is one of extraordinary interest and is positively confirmatory of the accounts of Lemuria to be found in the **Secret Doctrine.** But in this connection we may remind ourselves of H. P. Blavatsky's suggestion that such visible remains as may now exist of Lemuria must have been submerged with the remainder of the continent and then brought once more to the surface by volcanic action or the slower processes of upheaval that are never wholly inactive. Perhaps it is too much to hope that these innumerable confirmations of Esotericism will attract the attention—or at least the avowed attention—of science until they have grown too aggressive for continued neglect. In the meantime we may give to them such emphasis as is at our command.

There can be no doubt that a wave of interest in the pseudo-occult is passing over England and we can only hope that there may be less noisy and more wholesome forces at work in the background. Monsignor Benson's denunciation of Black Magie—certainly a strange term for this particular year of grace and scientific achievement—has set the dead leaves to rustling in the wind. There is something like a panic in the dovecotes of conventionality, for Monsignor Benson is not only a high official of the Church but a man of unusual dignity and education. He cannot be waved on one side by the supercilious hand of orthodoxy.

And we may confess to a certain sympathy with the denunciation in question seeing that Theosophy has so often voiced the same alarm. A mad scramble for the finer forces of nature and without any basis of altruism upon which to build must inevitably result in the misuse of those forces by those who gain even the smallest measure of control over them. Monsignor Benson is absolutely right when he says that evil practices are rife in modern civilization and not only among the absurd little coteries that are never so happy as when prating publicly about their "secrecy," but in other circles that are more conventionally respectable. The commercial schools of today, the schools of salesmanship and the business colleges, openly teach a system that can best be described as genuine old fashioned sorcery, and it is none the less sorcery because it is cloaked in a modern terminology. In other words they teach their pupils how to use certain forces in such a way as to take their customers, or rather victims, at a disadvantage and to rob them of their freewill. It is precisely the result mournfully predicted by H. P. Blavatsky as certain to ensue from the unbalanced research into abnormal mental powers without either adequate knowledge of the powers invoked or the fearful responsibilities incurred. And it would seem now to be out of the question in the presence of the modern ferocity of greed.

And so a hot newspaper discussion has broken out not only on the reality of Monsignor Benson's charge but on reincarnation, occultism, spiritualism and psychic research. Practically none of it was worth the space given to it. Puerilities, arrogance and ignorance followed each other in dreary succession until one is inclined to wonder what has become of the old-time Theosophists who were once trained to a dignified presentation of their philosophy. Surely they cannot all have succumbed to the **Zeitgeist.**

The Spiritual Monad is One, Universal, Boundless and Impartite, whose Rays, nevertheless, form what we in our ignorance, call the "Individual Monads" of men.—*The Secret Doctrine, Vol. I.*